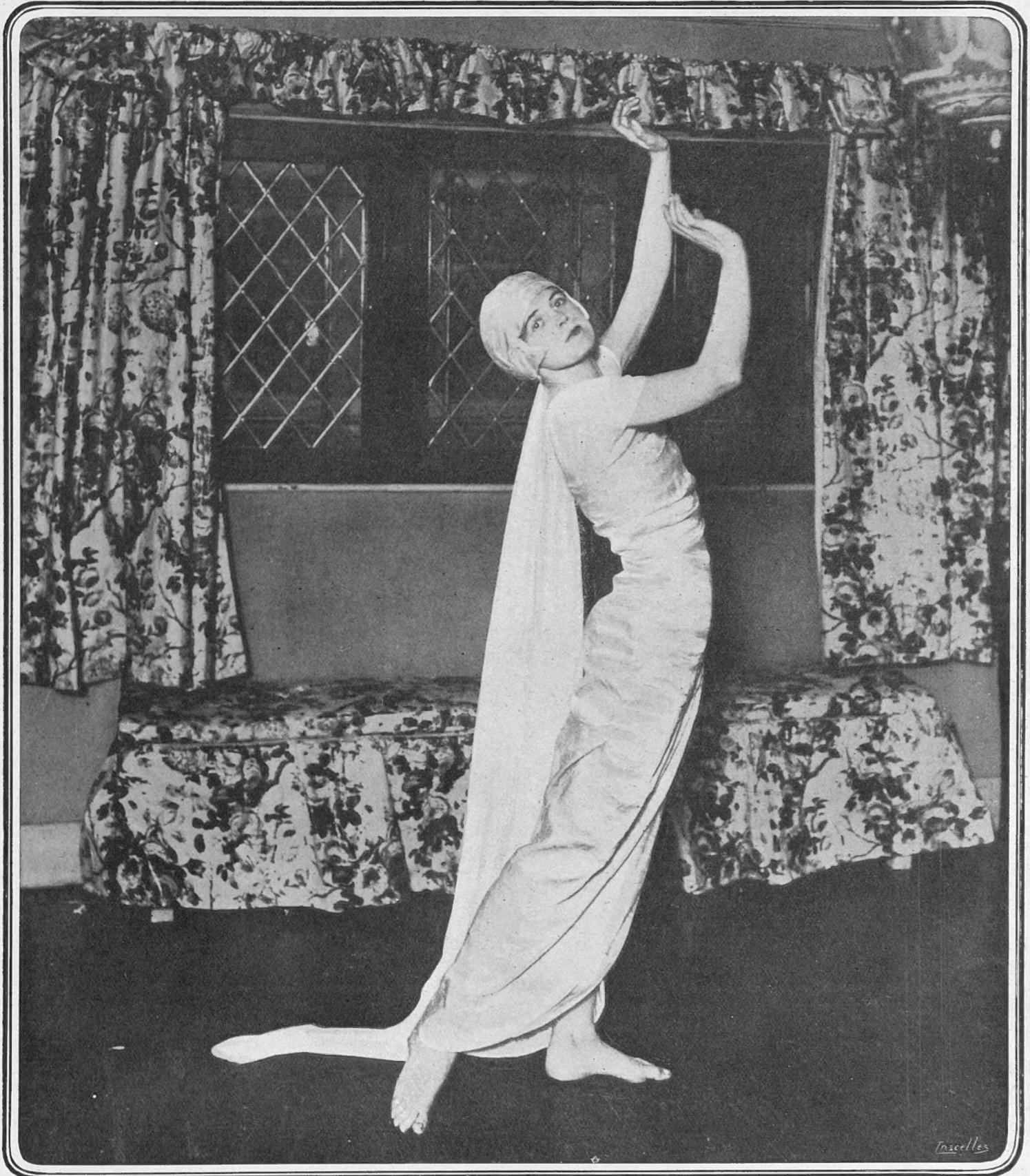


The Sketch

No. 1090.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



THE PEARL FROM THE CALIPH'S OYSTER: MISS NANCY DENVERS AS THE DREAM GEM,
AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' BALL.

As we have had occasion to note before in "The Sketch," it was arranged that "An Eastern Dream" should be given at midnight during the Arabian Nights' Ball last week, at Covent Garden. The story of this, as given officially, was as follows: "The Caliph, after playing with his jewels, falls asleep. He dreams of a wonderful

pearl. On awakening, he finds he has nothing like it in his jewel-casket, and calls for all the precious stones on earth. None satisfies him until, at last, in an oyster-shell, he finds the coveted pearl." The dream pearl was represented by the dancer, Miss Nancy Denvers.—[*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

by no means easy to dance, as stage dancers know to their cost, and there are four chief forms of it—the Minuet de Dauphin, the Minuet de la Reine, the Minuet de l'Exaudet, and the Minuet de la Cour. Society will probably soon be dancing them all in London ball-rooms."

That is very good news. I have always had a great admiration for the minuet. I hate these sticky dances—all this claspings of hard-corseted strangers, this endless, meaningless turn-and-twizzle from one end of the room to the other. Man was not meant to gyrate like a second-hand humming-top. The minuet is the thing, and, for those who find it too slow, there is always the American form of the minuet known as the cake-walk. But I would warn my countrymen that the cake-walk needs a vivid imagination and a positive genius for dancing.

Hitting Wells.

I have always understood—as a matter of fact, we were all brought up to believe in the maxim—that it is a cowardly thing to hit a man when he is down. If any set of men are to take this maxim to heart, surely it is the men who make the art of boxing or prize-fighting their chief hobby, and who are considered to be authorities on the art. And yet, the day after the Wells-Carpentier affair, I found the Press, in many cases, hitting poor Wells with all their might. Take this kindly extract—

"Wells made no attempt to fight. He seemed magnetised like a bird before a snake, waiting to be devoured. . . . It was just sheer absence of the fighter's temperament, the inability to give of his best on a great occasion, that beat Wells, and will always beat Wells when he meets a born fighter who is not also a born fool."

Now, I have a little theory, which I will give you for what it may be worth, that a man should not criticise the work of another unless he is prepared to come out into the open and endeavour to prove that he could justify his adverse criticism by doing that work better himself. That is the only justification for adverse criticism. And I want to know whether these gentlemen, who have such a supreme contempt for Wells now that he has been knocked out, would care to meet Wells in the ring even supposing he had one arm strapped to his side? It is one thing to sit snugly behind a large cigar and criticise a splendid man like Wells; it would be quite another thing to hit him in the face when he was standing up instead of on the back of the head now that, for the moment, he is down.

Bravo, Wells!

I know nothing at all of M. Carpentier. I have no doubt that he is the embodiment of all the virtues. (Your average Englishman will always doff his hat to those who are on top.) But I saw Wells fight Gunner Moir, and it needed no more than a glance to show one that here was a man of very different stuff from the ordinary professional fighter. People round me were saying that Wells was "too much of a gentleman" to make a fighter. Ye gods, what a criticism! If they had said "too much of a lady," one would have understood them, but how any sportsman, even a professional fighter, can be "too much of a gentleman," using the term in its best sense, is too much for my poor comprehension.

I should say that Wells is a refined man of an extremely nervous temperament. If that is correct, this defeat, added to the adverse comments in the Press, will go far to dishearten him. Physically, of course, he must be as brave as a lion; temperamentally, he wants, especially at this moment, all the sympathy and all the encouragement he can get. Therefore I venture to raise my small and insignificant voice, and to cry, "Bravo, Sir! Whether you win or lose, England is proud of you! Be sure that England will always be proud of a brave man who would rather lose a fight of any kind than do a mean thing!"

Worse Than All!

Poor old England! This coming Christmas threatens to prove but a sad and sorry season! In addition to all the other troubles, as though, forsooth, they were not enough for any back to bear, a new burden looms in the distance! We could have put up with the Irish trouble; we could have ploughed our way through strikes and rumours of strikes; even the threat of an increased income-tax found us, if a little wan, still smiling. But now there is this new, this awful terror to be faced, and I fancy that we shall go down before it. Our proud race will be humbled; our lofty crest will be dragged in the mire; our triumphant bugles will be silenced.

Not to keep you in suspense any longer, friend the reader, it is more than probable that, even before the Christmas holidays are full upon us, even before the Christmas bells ring out into the still starlit night, even before the laden taxis have lumped Master Charles and Miss Phyllis at the front-door, even before the Christmas presents have been bought and the seats for the pantomime booked, even, indeed, before these lines are in your hands, the Thing will have Happened. I hear, on good authority, that—hold tight!—*the Tango is to be danced no more* by those who would be considered smart and in the movement.

I am sorry for you, friend the Tangoist. I know how much money and time you have spent in the endeavour to transform yourself into something that you are not and never could be. Still, the fact must be faced.

England Recovers Her Sanity.

You must not say that you were not warned. Long, long ago, months before you decided to take those expensive lessons, I warned you, on this very page, that the Tango would not last out the winter in this country. How could it, poor dear? It is a thing that must have sunshine all the year round. It is a thing that cannot live away from blue Southern skies, and olive skins, and dark gleaming eyes, and the scent of mimosa. Yours is a charming drawing-room, dear Madam, but the poor Tango could never have lived there. The mere sight of a chrysanthemum gives it a chill, and the voice of the Vicar in the hall lays it prostrate and gasping.

So fare thee well, poor stranger. We are deeply grieved that your stay has been so short, but they were but poor friends who sent you to these cold and staid shores. We admired you—though we never saw you as you really are. We made much of you—though we always felt, in our secret hearts, that you were a little naughty for us. We spent much good gold in trying to become better acquainted with you, but, alas! many of those who offered to effect the introduction knew you no better than we did ourselves.

You put up a brave fight for it, and now you must go. Try not to think too hardly of us. We are a strange nation, mad for a day and then sane for a thousand years. But cherish no hopes on that account! We never get the same sort of mania twice. Our Tango dementia is over for ever, so I am told!

What Next?

What next? When I issued that warning, many months ago, I also suggested the substitute. I was old-fashioned enough to ask for a revival of the minuet. And now, wonder of wonders, I find that the minuet has a real chance of becoming once again the fashionable dance.

"It is the most becoming of all dances," says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "to the woman who dances it well. Although a French dance, it has often been said to be the only dance that is really well danced by English people. Its dignity fits in well with the national character, and it is the dance of Court circles, with its bowing and kissing of hands and charming curtsies. It is

ORIENTALISED LONDON: THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' BALL.



1. MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BELCHER

4. MISS GLADYS COOPER 'AFTER SHE HAD CEASED TO BE A MERMAID.

7. MISS DE BITTENCOURT.

2. MISS B. ENGLISH AND MR. A. D. E. CRAIG.

5. MR. BRUCE WINSTON, AS THE CALIPH, DANCING WITH MISS DELPHINE WYNDHAM.

8. MR. GODFREY TEARLE AND MR. MATHESON LANG.

3. MRS. J. L. MELVILLE.

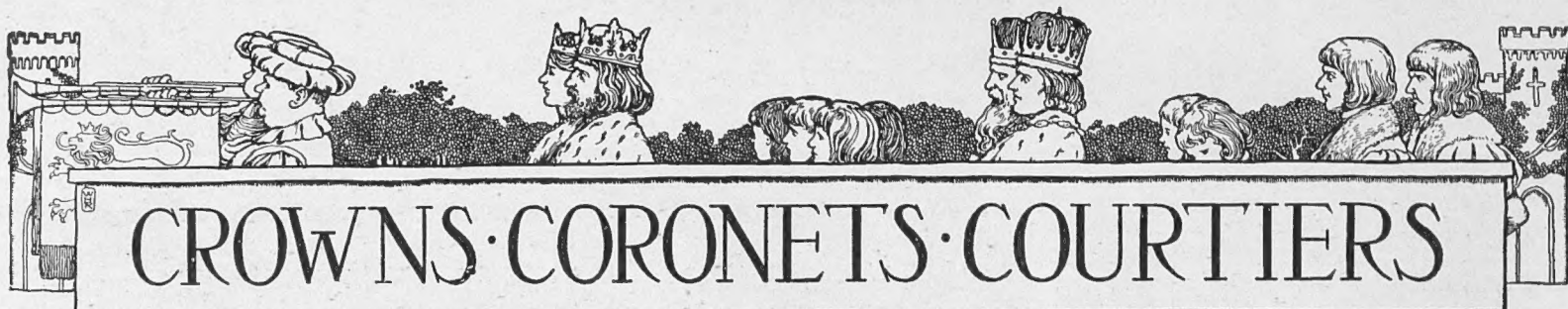
6. MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS THE DIAMOND.

9. MR. AND MRS. A. JAMESON, AND MR. ERNEST THESIGER.

The Arabian Nights' Ball, held at Covent Garden the other day under the patronage of their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary, and organised by and given for the benefit of the Foreign Press Association in London, was a great success, and showed once more that Londoners—thanks to the Russian Ballet and various Oriental productions—have at last learned to wear Eastern dress

picturesquely, and to make good choice of costume. A feature of the evening was a pageant, produced under the title of "An Eastern Dream." The story of this is given under our front-page illustration. The various processions were divided into the Caliph's Court, the Yellow Topazes, the Sapphires, the Emeralds, the Green Jade, the Diamonds, the Rubies, the Pearls, and the Coming of the Dream Pearl.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.



THE Queen's week at Chatsworth proved, as was here foretold it would do, her Majesty's devoted interest in "the young person." To the first list of girls who, in one way or another, have been honoured by Queen Mary while she was with the Duchess of Devonshire must be added the name of Miss Phyllis

Leigh, daughter of Lord and Lady Newton, and one of Princess Mary's particular friends. Besides those already enumerated, the youthful guests at Chatsworth included, as it turned out, Lord and Lady Acheson and Sir Richard Sutton. If there is one thing more than another that bids fair to demolish new fashions in dress and dancing, it is the fact that Queen Mary's dislike carries with it far more than the agreement of women of her Majesty's own generation. She has youth on her side; and this household and that adopts an anti-Tango policy, not because a mother forbids

exact figures) a higher salary than any other in Cambridge, and a higher one, certainly, than most of the luminaries of 'Varsity learning.

The Undomestic Dons. If an austere Master is sometimes inclined to recoil from the luxury of the Trinity

feasts, he is soon comforted by the thought that he has no choice. The Trinity kitchen is richly endowed. Money tied up in the seventeenth century for the provision of entertainment into perpetuity has increased with the passage of years. Mr. Sayre, who is deeply interested in economics, finds here a pretty problem: it is a struggle between the inclination of modern men, and modern Masters, for the ascetic ideal and their loyalty to the tradition of their college. And Dr. Page and Mr. Sayre have no doubts as to the propriety of the Trinity tradition, save only in one



TO MARRY MISS HOPE MARY WOODBINE PARISH ON DEC. 20: MR. ARTHUR GRANVILLE SOAMES.

Mr. Soames, of the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Soames, of Lilliput, Dorset.

Photograph by Lafayette.

the dance, but because a daughter decrees that it is "not the thing."

It was always known a ride in the Row before breakfast and a slanting view of the Park from the luncheon-table would not long suffice for Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. They belong to the moors, and in winter especially they like galloping-room and a large horizon. Hutton Hall, near Marston, is the place that Prince Arthur regards as ideal for the season of hard weather and hard riding, and he and Princess Arthur will probably leave Mount Street for the North early in January. When he is at Hutton



MARRIED ON DEC. 9: SIR HENRY G. O. BAX-IRONSIDE AND LADY BAX-IRONSIDE (FORMERLY MRS. JAMES JARDINE).

Lady Bax-Ironside is the widow of Mr. James Jardine, K.C., and the daughter of General Michael Willoughby, C.S.I. Sir Henry G. O. Bax-Ironside, K.C.M.G., of Heronden House, Easry, Kent, is his Majesty's Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Bulgaria. He has served in Copenhagen, Teheran, Vienna, Cairo, Washington, Stockholm, Central America, Pekin, Caracas, Chile, and Switzerland. He was born in November 1859. The wedding took place last week at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—[Photographs by Thomson.]

Hall, his Royal Highness will again be known by a title of his bachelorhood, "the Yorker," for Marston is in the Duchy, and the Prince will be the tenant of Captain York.

Trinity Feasting. A feast at Trinity, Cambridge, and a commemoration feast at that, is a function of much character. The American Ambassador and Mr. Sayre found good talk and better fare at the high table, for one of the surprises of a Trinity feast is not so much the excellence of the intellectual entertainment as the excellence of the meal. The college tradition, which is partly monastic, is also almost royal as to the kitchen. The Trinity chef is said to receive (but such inter-collegiate mysteries are not easily translated into



TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR GRANVILLE SOAMES ON DEC. 20: MISS HOPE MARY WOODBINE PARISH.

Miss Parish is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Woodbyne Parish, of 58, Ennismore Gardens. Her mother is the sister of Lord Torphichen.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

particular. The charming formality of their introduction to the Master, the hall, the sober gowns, the frolic wine, and the feast that is really a feast—all these were acceptable; but Mr. Sayre could not help remembering the while that this dinner at Trinity was the first which he had eaten, since his marriage, away from a fascinating wife.

Lord Binning's Accident. Lord Binning has reason to complain of the snares of peace. As a soldier he took part in the midnight charge on Kassassin, where bayonets and the dark made it for some, as Mulvaney said, a very serious charge of Kassassination; he took a part at Tel-el-

Kebir, the capture of Cairo, and the Hazara Campaign; but it was at one of his father's shooting-parties in tight little England that he got a wound that almost cost him his life. A friend's stray shot in the leg gave him more trouble than all his country's enemies had been able to do; and now the hunting-field has cost him dearer than the horsemen and horses of Arabia.

"Airshire." Mrs. Winston, like the *Westminster Gazette*, disapproves the First Lord's flights. The risks of aviation were not foreseen when she married. But Miss Ethel Hodges marries the Hon. John Boyle with open eyes, that have watched him piloting his Army biplane. He is a son of Lord Glasgow, and the family seat, appropriately, is in Ayrshire.



MR. ROBERT VAUGHAN WYNN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS RUBY SEVERNE WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (DEC. 16).

Mr. Vaughan Wynn, is the eldest son of the late Hon. Charles Wynn, and of Mrs. Wynn, of Rug, North Wales, and was in the 9th Lancers. His father was the third son of the third Baron Newborough.

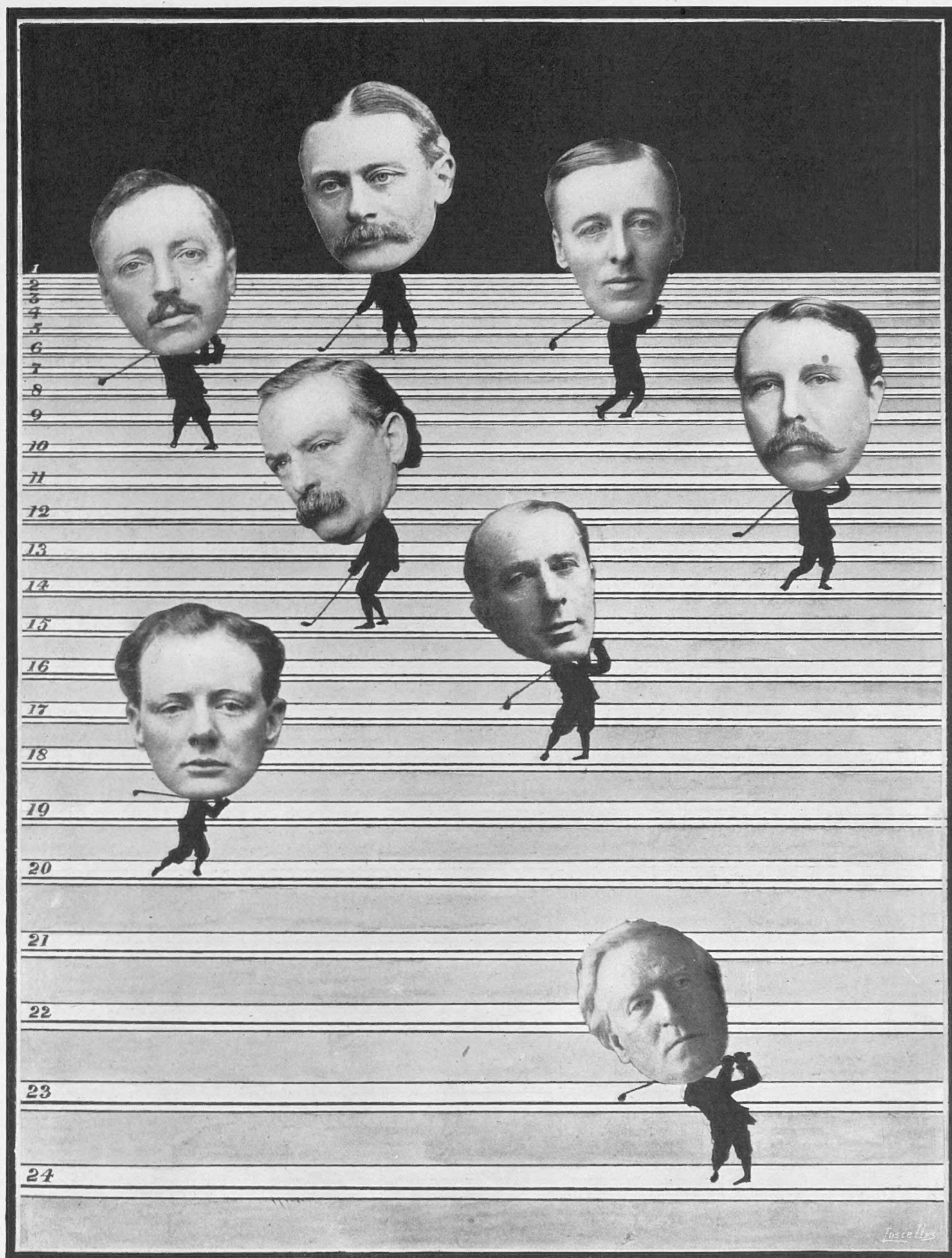


MISS RUBY SEVERNE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ROBERT VAUGHAN WYNN WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (DEC. 16).

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Severne, of Thenford, Northants, and Wallop, Shropshire.

Photograph by Lafayette.

PEASE—AND PLENTY OF OTHERS: THE HANDICAPPED CABINET.



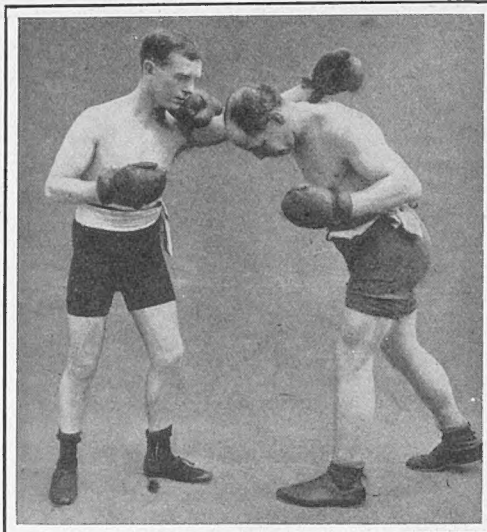
THE STEPS OF GOLFING FAME: CABINET MINISTERS AND THEIR HANDICAPS—EACH PLAYER ON HIS PROPER STAIR.

The announcement was made the other day that Mr. Lloyd George had so far progressed with his golf at Walton Heath that his handicap had been reduced to 15, with the possibility of further reduction. Of the other golfing members of the Cabinet, Mr. J. A. Pease, the President of the Board of Education—and champion of them all—has a handicap of 6; Colonel Seely, Minister for War, has a handicap

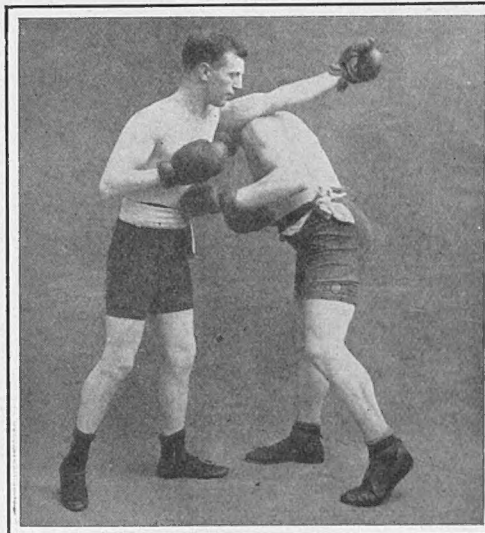
of 9; Dr. Macnamara, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, one of 10; Mr. McKinnon Wood, Secretary for Scotland, one of 14; Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, one of 18; Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, one of 20; and Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, one of 24. Of the Leaders of the Opposition, Mr. Bonar Law, has a handicap of 13; while Mr. Balfour's handicap is 9.

Photographs by Beresford, Thomson, Elliott and Fry, and Maull and Fox.

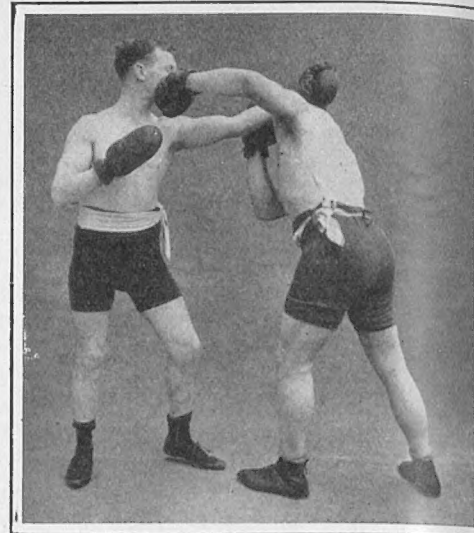
TO HOLD THEIR OWN OUR BOXERS MUST LEARN IN-FIGHTING THE ENGLISH STYLE OF BOXING.



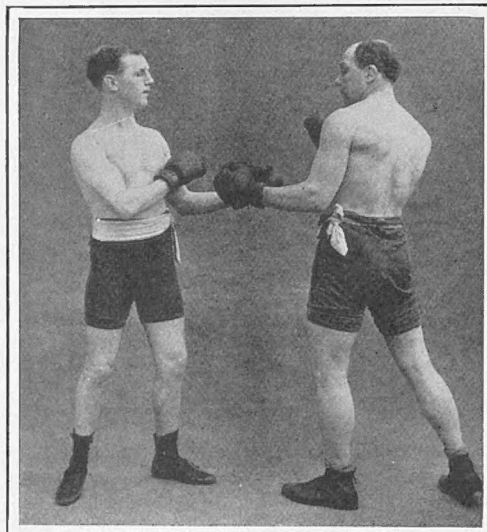
ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT LEAD, AND SLIP, RIGHT COUNTER TO JAW.



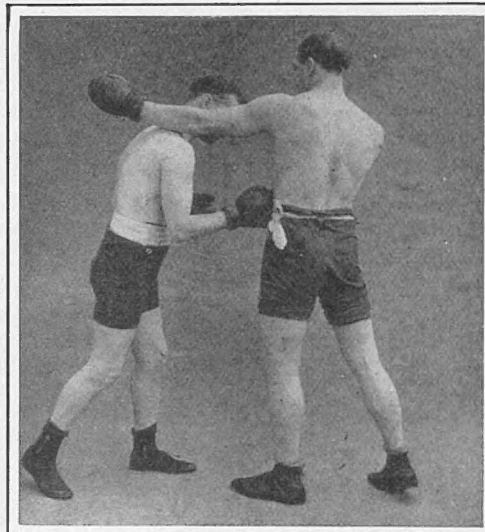
ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT SHIFT AND COUNTER TO BODY.



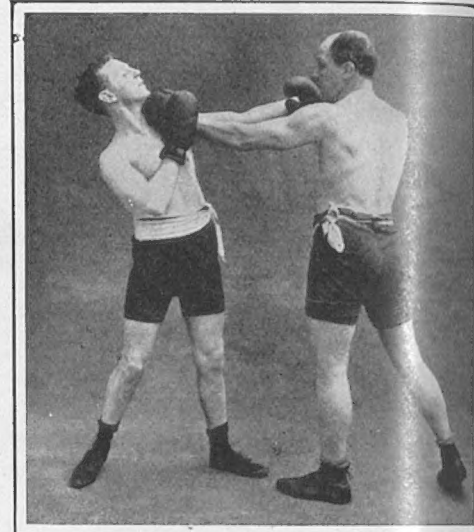
ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT LEAD, PARRY, AND HOOK TO JAW.



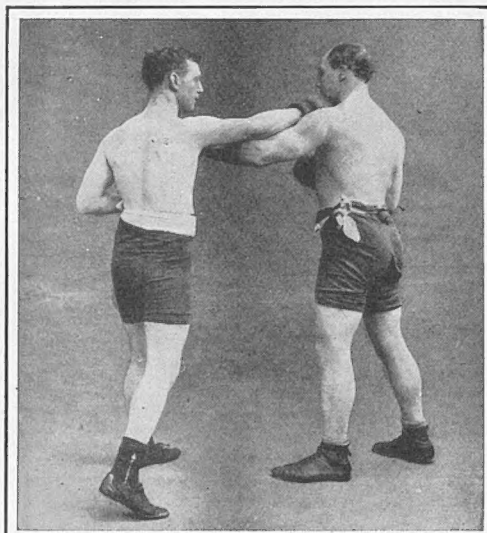
UPRIGHT ENGLISH STYLE WHEN STARTING ROUND.



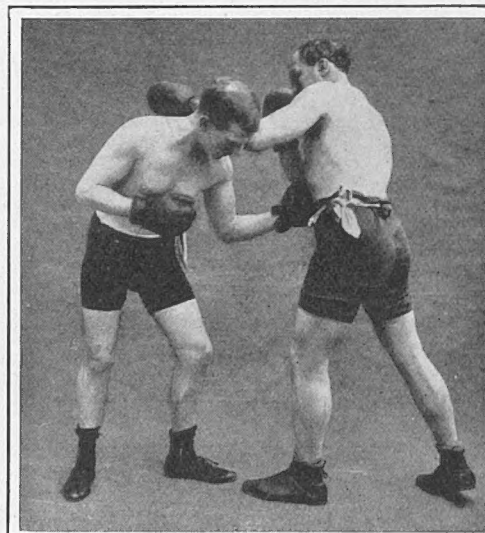
ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT LEAD, LEFT SLIP, RIGHT COUNTER TO BODY.



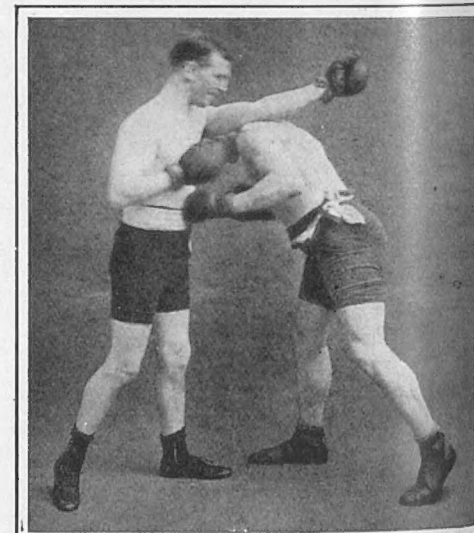
ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT LEAD AND GUARD.



ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT LEAD, SIDE STEP, AND RIGHT COUNTER TO JAW.



ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT LEAD AND SLIP, COUNTER TO THE BODY.

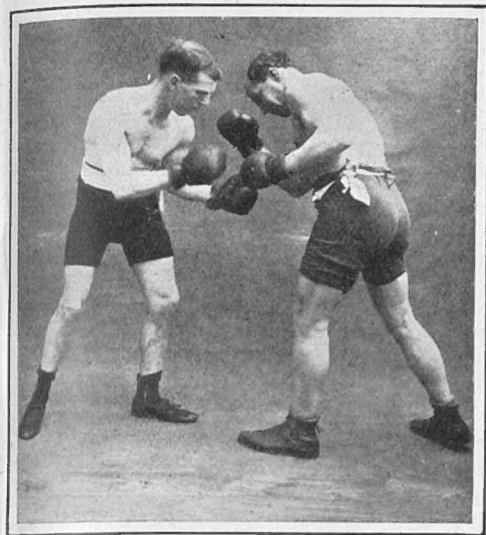


ENGLISH STYLE: LEFT SHIFT AND COUNTER TO BODY.

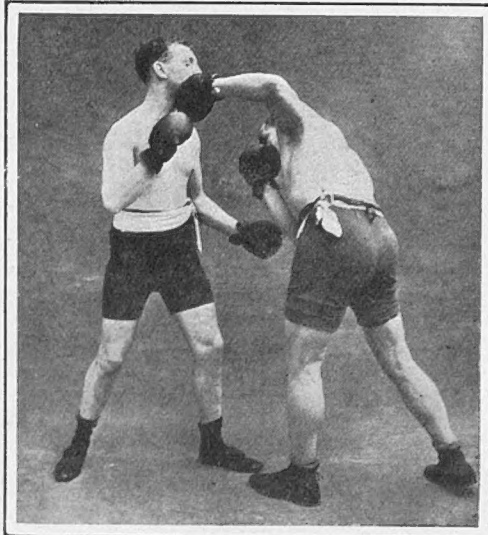
Discussing the Wells - Carpentier boxing - match the other day, the "Times" said: "Once more the pugilist who likes boxing fell before a rival who loves fighting. . . . It is clear that our boxers must learn in-fighting if they are to hold their own [with the American champions and such Americanised experts as Georges Carpentier. The new style may not be so pretty to watch as the open, upstanding methods of Wells and other adherents of the English tradition. But the prettiness which is ineffectual counts for nothing or less than nothing in athletics as well as in the arts; a style which loses nine times in ten, when the combatants are physically well matched, is a bad style. *Ceteris paribus* the fighter in two planes will always beat a boxer who is only conversant with head-fighting. The greater efficacy of inside work has been demonstrated again and again in heavy-weight contests for the world's championship. . . . Many of the old-fashioned critics believe that in-fighting is an ugly and unscientific business, as boring as the hugging and heaving of Cornish wrestling,

THE ENGLISH STYLE OF BOXING AND IN-FIGHTING CONTRASTED.

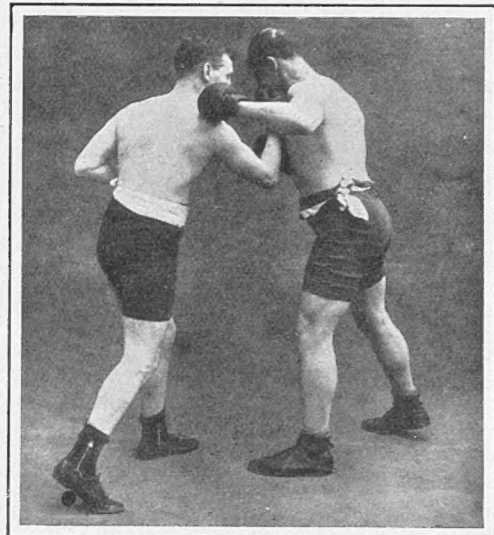
THE IN-FIGHTING STYLE OF BOXING.



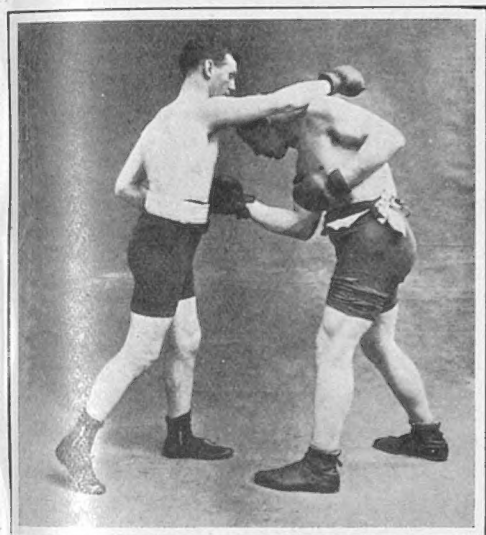
AMERICAN STYLE OF STARTING A ROUND.



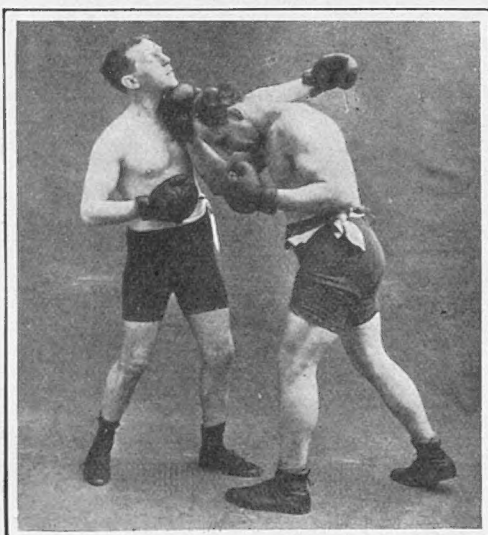
IN-FIGHTING: LEFT HOOK TO JAW.



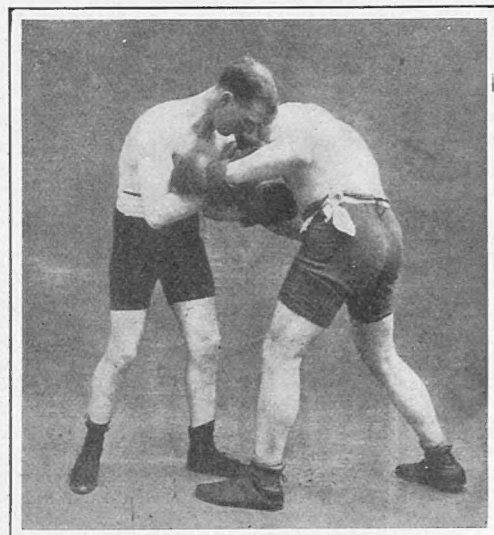
IN-FIGHTING: RIGHT UPPER-CUT.



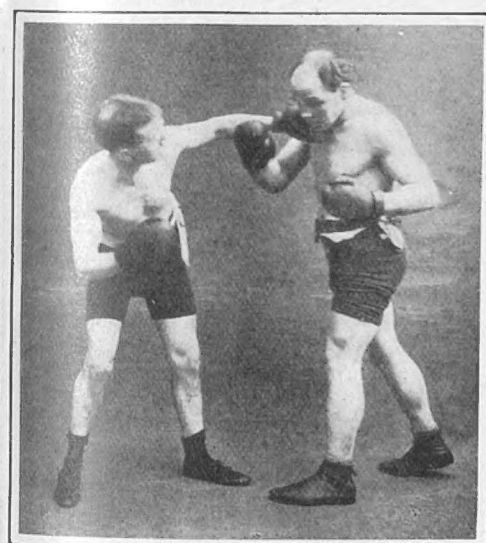
IN-FIGHTING: RIGHT AVOIDED, SHORT-ARM JAB TO SOLAR PLEXUS.



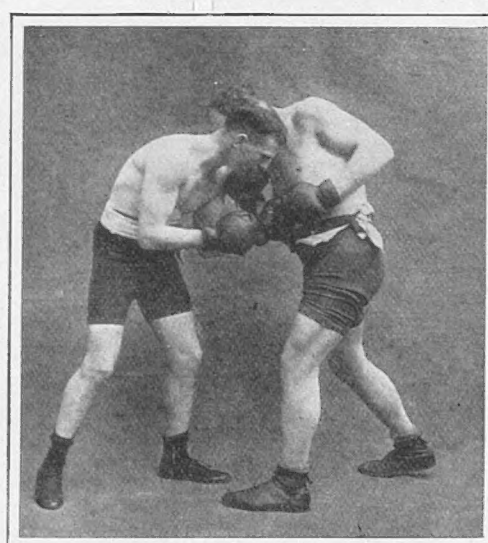
IN-FIGHTING: RIGHT UPPER-CUT.



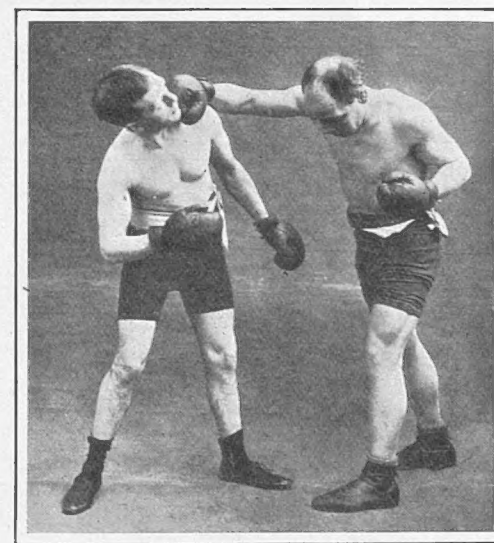
IN-FIGHTING: CLINCH.



IN-FIGHTING: LEFT SWING TO JAW.



AMERICAN STYLE: IN-FIGHTING.



IN-FIGHTING: RIGHT SWING TO JAW.

because they have not been trained to follow its swift and intricate manoeuvring. The variety of attack is so great that a treatise would be required to give even a bald catalogue of the devices employed by such experts as Klaus or Carpentier, both of whom are capable of doing two or three things at one and the same time—for example, avoiding a right drive, blocking a left, and landing a left jab to the body, with or without a change of feet. Finally, it must be remembered that in-fighting cannot be picked up casually as a side-line, so to speak, by a practitioner of the English style who finds he is called upon to meet a finished boxer of the modern school. The inside game must be learnt in his novitiate; it must be from the first part and parcel of his individual method." For our pictures were good enough to pose: Chris Clarke, Amateur Champion, 1901-2, Instructor Stock Exchange and German Gymnasium; and Bill Curzon, one of the best Middle-Weights in England, Instructor at Gainsford, Polytechnic, H.A.C., and 1st County Territorials Clubs.

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| 7.20 p.m. | 7.15 p.m. | { BRIGHTON | ... | 7 0 |
| | | { WORTHING | ... | 7 9 |
| | | { LITTLEHAMPTON | ... | 8 3 |
| 4.50 " | 3.55 " | { BOGNOR | ... | 8 9 |
| | | { SOUTHSEA | ... | 9 6 |
| | | { PORTSMOUTH | ... | 9 6 |
| | | { ISLE OF WIGHT | ... | 11 0 |
| 5.5 " | 5.20 " | SEAFORD | ... | 7 9 |
| 5.50 " | 6.45 " | EASTBOURNE | ... | 8 0 |
| 4.5 " | 6.45 " | { BEXHILL | ... | 8 0 |
| | | { HASTINGS | ... | 8 0 |
| 8.12 " | 6.3 " | TUNBRIDGE WELLS | ... | 4 6 |

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CLUB CHAIRS AND CLUB WINDOWS: A NEW CLUB FOR TOMMY ATKINS ON LORD ROBERTS' INDIAN PATTERN.

The Seats of the Mighty. Lord Beaconsfield's chair, one the legs of which were cut down at his request, has been placed in a position of honour at the Carlton Club, which has reopened its doors and welcomed its members again after two months of closure for re-decoration. Benjamin Disraeli belonged to the period when men still had their especial chairs in clubs which they occupied, and from which no one knowingly evicted them. If a young member happened to sit unwittingly in a chair that it was an unwritten law should be left vacant for a great man, the proposer or the seconder of the offender, or one of his other friends, generally told him of the blunder he was committing; but if there was no kindly mentor to do this, the young man soon became aware, from the glances of other members, that he was doing something of which the club as a body disapproved, and, if he had any *savoir faire*, he asked one of the servants if he was occupying anybody's especial chair.

Rights in Club Furniture. It was not only distinguished men who had an especial right to particular chairs in those days, for the seats in the windows at some of the older clubs were always occupied of an afternoon by the same old gentlemen. I once asked who an old gentleman whom I constantly met in St. James's Street was, and my question was answered by a man who knew all Clubland thoroughly, who told me that he did not know his name, but that he was the old member of the Conservative Club who always sat of an afternoon in the centre window of the room overlooking St. James's Street and read the *Times*. There was a period in the days of the Bucks when certain members of White's thought that they, and they alone, should sit in the bow-window and watch the world pass. And at the St. James's Club there are still certain members who like to sit in the window of the hall, though I never heard of any attempt to



DESIGNED SO THAT ACCURATE SHOOTING MAY BE DONE IN THE DARK: AN ILLUMINATING-TUBE FITTED TO A BROWNING PISTOL.

The old idea of making it possible to take accurate aim in the dark with a pistol or a revolver was to provide an electric device lighting the sight and projecting a beam on to the quarry. This had its advantages, but the disadvantage that it betrayed the position of the man holding the

[Continued below.]

The Indian Institutes.

I was in India during the time that the Institutes, as they are called, were being organised in the various garrisons, and I remember very well the drastic order that Lord Roberts gave that the best Government building in every station that was adapted for the purpose should be given over to the Institute. All sorts of vested rights had to give way to this order. Sometimes it was an officers' mess that had to find fresh quarters, sometimes the station club had to find a bungalow that was private property, and the officers and their wives were succeeded by Tommy Atkins and the married women of the rank-and-file. It was one of the greatest moves in the cause of temperance ever made; and though by the establishment of those Institutes the canteen fund, of which commanding officers had the distribution for the benefit of the men of their regiments, dwindled somewhat, there was no soldier serving in India who did not eventually fully approve the thoroughness of Lord Roberts's methods. At Dum-Dum, I remember, the great building which in days gone past had been the Mess House of the East India Company's Horse Artillery was given over to the Institute.

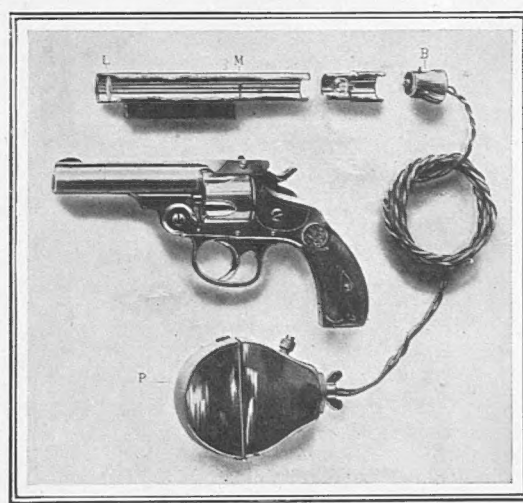


A DEVICE WHICH SHOWS ON THE ENEMY'S BODY A SMALL LUMINOUS CIRCLE WHOSE CENTRE IS A BLACK SPOT THE BULLET WILL HIT WHEN THE WEAPON IS FIRED: A REVOLVER WITH THE PÉCHARD ILLUMINATING-TUBE, WHICH RENDERS SIGHTING UNNECESSARY.

[Continued.] When a beast was aimed at this did not matter; when an armed man was the opponent—it mattered very much. Now M. Ch. Péchard, Commissioner of Police, of Paris, has invented a new device which limits the light projected to a small circle in the midst of which a black spot is seen. If a

[Continued opposite.]

chairs in which very great men have habitually sat, would have to put plates on nearly every chair they possess; and the Marlborough and the Reform would also have a great collection of



A DEVICE WHICH SHOWS ON THE ENEMY'S BODY A SMALL LUMINOUS CIRCLE WHOSE CENTRE IS A BLACK SPOT THE BULLET WILL HIT WHEN THE WEAPON IS FIRED: THE ILLUMINATING-TUBE WHICH MAKES SIGHTING UNNECESSARY (IN DETAIL).

[Continued.] weapon thus fitted be directed at a wall, and the lighting device be switched on, there becomes apparent on that wall a small luminous circle with a black spot in the centre. If the trigger be pulled, the bullet will strike the black spot. The use of sights is thus obviated.



THE Duchess of Norfolk's journey into Kensington was undertaken on behalf of Nazareth House, an institution whose black collecting-carts are familiar to all Londoners. Especially at this season of the year, when its soup-kitchens are in full swing, do the Sisters wait upon the hotels and restaurants for broken victuals. It was just at Christmas time last year that one of these carts, driven by a somewhat aged inmate, lost itself on a foggy night in Piccadilly. The driver relapsed into a sort of coma, and two attendant nuns were left, without a notion of the way, to cope with the van and its stumbling steed. Just as they realised they could do nothing but say their beads, two young and radiant clubmen approached, learned their difficulty, took the horse's head, led them from Pont Street home to Hammersmith, and vanished. "Angels in disguise," said the Mother Superior when she heard the story. "But what about their cigars?" objected the rescued nuns.



ENGAGED TO MISS BEATRICE E. T. BYNG; MR. G. B. E. NOEL.

Mr. Noel is the eldest son of Captain R. L. G. Noel, R.N., of Carlton Road, Putney Hill.

Photograph by Langfieri.

Knocks and Knole.

Even Knole was perturbed by the defeat of Bombardier Wells. Just before the match Lord and Lady Sackville had been entertaining Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at their famous home; and if their guest



TO MARRY MR. GILBERT EGERTON COTTON: MISS NORA WILLIAMS.

The wedding of Miss Nora Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Williams, of Albrighton, and Mr. Gilbert Egerton Cotton, of Ellesmere, Salop, is fixed for Dec. 22.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

entertaining became a

uchikake they wear in their own apartments is also kept for the later part of the day. In the morning they dress just as their countrywoman does in Grosvenor Square. And this happens not because they like corsets and a Manchester cloth, nor because they are suited by an alien fashion. The reason, indeed, is somewhat mysterious; but probably it is found in the fact that for a time the wardrobes of the Imperial Princesses and the Ladies-in-Waiting were supervised by the Baroness Sannomiya, an English lady from Hull!

Perfect Misfits. While the ladies of the Chiyoda Palace in

Tokio get their tweeds from Harris, the palace walls are far less substantial. The partitions between the rooms are made of sliding paper screens. Paper suffices to enforce the most rigid exclusiveness. So rigid is this exclusiveness that only since the death of the late Emperor has any authentic description of the inner court been published. The new Emperor and his Consort are living, it is true, in a brand-new German building of brick and stone, but only for so long as it takes to repair the palace of paper. And in a palace of paper their Excellencies at the Embassy in Grosvenor Square



ENGAGED TO MR. G. B. E. NOEL: MISS BEATRICE E. T. BYNG.

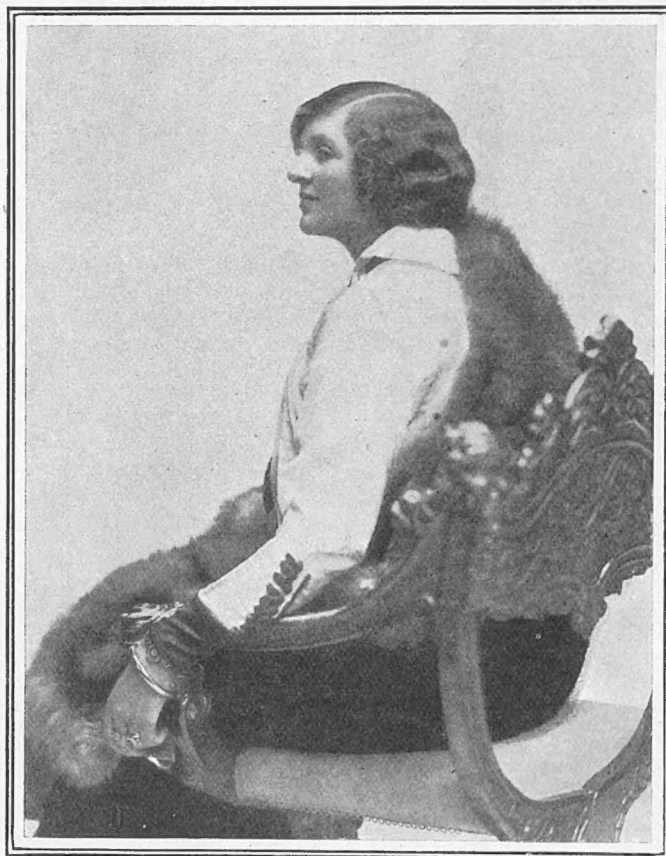
Miss Byng is the only child of the late Vice-Admiral J. C. Byng.

Photograph by Langfieri.

little restless in his silver bedstead before the end of his visit, it was due to his absorbing interest in the coming contest. And he made his host and hostess appreciate the rarity of the event. The fight in "Rodney Stone" is an admirable piece of work, with a proper flavour of romance. But here, at the National Sporting Club, was an event stranger than any fiction; and Sir Arthur, though he did not foretell the result, was no backer of the Englishman at heavy odds. But neither did Lady Sackville earn for herself the name given to a predecessor of the eighteenth century. She cannot claim to have been a Fill Sack. But the Knole visit, the giving and taking of odds, and the fight, are worthy a novel. If Sir Arthur made a book before the match, he should also make one after it.

Hullsters.

The Japanese Ambassador and his wife, who looked happier than anybody the other week at the Picture Ball, have not many opportunities in London for donning their native silks. And even in Japan part of the rigorous etiquette of Court life is the wearing of Western garments. The Ladies-in-Waiting, for instance, do not put on their kimonos till they attend upon their Imperial Majesties in the afternoon; and the elaborate



WIFE OF A FAMOUS OARSMAN: MRS. A. McCULLOCH.

Mrs. McCulloch is the daughter of the late Mr. George McCulloch, of 184, Queen's Gate, and the Broken Hill Silver Mine. Her husband, Mr. A. McCulloch (Leander R. C.), is a winner of the Diamond Sculls, and is entering again next year. The famous McCulloch collection of pictures, etc., was sold, it will be remembered, this year.—[Photograph by Langfieri.]

would like to live if they had their choice. It is with sighs that they have again laid by the costumes of the other night, and resumed the routine of dinners at a mahogany table, with oil-pictures in heavy gilt frames on the surrounding walls, chairs to sit upon, and a perfectly unfitting European wardrobe.

No. 45, Portman Square.

The dance of last week was Mrs. Dubosc Taylor's. To her house in Portman Square came a great gathering, including Lord and Lady Downshire, Lord and Lady Carnwarth, Lord and Lady Rothes, Lord and Lady Monkswell, Lord Caledon, Lady Garvagh, Mrs. Alfred Yorke, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Legge, and a whole crowd of dancing friends; and Sir Philip Burne-Jones was there to admire the picture. Mrs. Dubosc Taylor leaves next month for Egypt, where all the honours of the dance are for the moment Lord Kitchener's.

Anatolian Compliments.

M. Anatole France paid some handsome compliments to England at the complimentary dinner. Incidentally he suggested a book—quotations from Virgil made in Parliament in the time of Fox and Pitt. Virgil to-day is rather *démodé*, yet he knew a thing or two about agriculture—possibly about mangel-wurzels.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND—FOR ACQUIRING THE CORRECT DAIS MANNER EARLY.

Little Princess Juliana of Holland, who is only four years old, had her first experience of figuring in a public ceremony the other day. She bestowed the Order of Orange on a coachman who had been twenty-five years in the Royal



THE CAMBRIDGE RUGGER TEAM—FOR ACTING ON THE PRINCIPLE—"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY—TRY AGAIN."

service, and "spoke a few gracious words" in the most approved manner of royalty.—Cambridge beat Oxford in the Rugger match the other day by thirteen points (one dropped goal and three tries) to three (one try).

Photographs by Deidmann and Stearn.



MR. ELIHU ROOT—FOR FINDING "PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES NO LESS RENOWNED THAN WAR."

Mr. Elihu Root, who has just been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1912, the award of which had been postponed, was the United States Secretary for War after the Spanish-American War. He is taking a prominent part in organising the Anglo-American Peace Centenary celebrations.—Three different scenarios of Mr. Caton Woodville's "Romance of India" pageant for Earl's Court were submitted to the India Office and the Lord Chamberlain. Eventually the last was approved.—Speaking at a social purity meeting at Willesden recently, the



COLONEL G. S. OMMANNEY—FOR ENTERING FOR THE EPISCOPAL STAKES FOR 55-YEAR-OLDS



MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE—FOR GETTING THE "BANS" REMOVED AT THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING.

Bishop of London said that he was an unmarried man, but he would take many of them on at any game they liked at his own age—fifty-five. Colonel G. S. Ommanney offered to meet the Bishop at six different games, three to be chosen by each.—In describing the scene after the Wells-Carpentier fight, the "Daily Mail" said: "Lord Lonsdale went over and shook hands with him, and the sight of this distinguished and venerable English gentleman amid the pugilists . . . was one that went to the hearts of all."



LORD LONSDALE—FOR BEING A "DISTINGUISHED AND VENERABLE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

Photographs by Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, Leman, and Langfier.



MISS GLADYS WILES—FOR MAKING AN EXCELLENT BAG IN HER FIRST DAY WITH "THE WILD DUCK."

Miss Gladys Wiles, who is one of Mr. Granville Barker's "discoveries," made very good as Hedvig in the revival of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" at the St. James's Theatre. It was her first appearance in a prominent part.—Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who is an old Etonian, appeared the other day in the Memorial Hall at Eton as Dr. Johnson in Mr. Leo Trevor's play of that name. Our photograph



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (X)—FOR SURVIVING THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH AT ETON AND LIVING TO PLAY DR. JOHNSON AS AN OLD BOY.

shows Mr. Bouchier as a cricket-blue in his school days, with four others, all wearing the peculiar garb of the period.—Dog-tickets on short train-journeys sometimes cost thrice as much as those for human beings. The intelligent animal shown in our photograph can bark for his own ticket at the booking-office. He is a regular traveller on the Tube.



THE CANINE PASSENGER—FOR BEING ABLE TO GET A TICKET ON THE TUBE FOR BARKING.

Photographs by London Scottish Agency, Partridge, and Illustrations Bureau.



A MOTHER'S HONOUR OR HER SON'S LIFE: THE MELODRAMA OF THE REVENGEFUL HEATHEN CHINEE.

The Torturer's Dilemma.

The new Anglo-Chinese play, which really is not Chinese at all, brings to one's mind the fact that our Celestial friends are great amateurs in the art of torture—or were till very lately. The idea makes me shudder. Think of aged, venerable, cultured gentlemen solemnly discussing the appropriate tortures for some poor devil! I imagine one Mandarin suggesting that he should be skinned alive, a second moving as an amendment some experiment with cayenne pepper, a third regretting the fact that red-hot pincers have gone out of fashion, a fourth sturdily asking for something old-fashioned, such as cutting into a thousand pieces. B-r-r-r! the thought gives me the jumps. And yet, if born a few generations ago, in Merrie England,



IN THE HANDS OF MR. WU: MR. EVAN THOMAS AS BASIL GREGORY.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

I might have been a victim to the rack, the boot, or the thumb-screw. It is rather comforting to think that, try how they might, the torturers found there was a limit to human suffering—discovered that you cannot put more than a pint into a pint-pot, that when you torture a human being beyond his limit, he faints or dies or becomes insensible to the excess. The Inquisition made some interesting experiments in the way of mental torture, upon which is founded a thrilling story by Barbey D'Aurevilliers—a strange writer, with a splendid style as well as a splendid name. What a name it is! No wonder the bearer of it was an aristocrat in letters. Of course, too, Poe's famous tale of "The Pit and the Pendulum"—I forget the exact title—is partly based upon the same idea: I think this story is rather over-rated. In "Mr. Wu" we have a good deal of torture by idea. Young Gregory, who dishonoured Mr. Wu's pretty daughter, tasted it, lying bound for days in terror of torture, and then waiting and wondering what his mother would do when the horrible dilemma was proposed to her by the inflexible Mr. Wu.

The Mother's Dilemma.

The mother, handsome, still desirable, had her torture when Mr. Wu propounded to her his views of revenge, based on the eye-for-an-eye theory. Basil had dishonoured his daughter, so her father proposed to make dishonours easy by forcing Mrs. Gregory to become his mistress temporarily. With fiendish subtlety he gave her the choice of consenting—thereby setting her son free, uninjured—or refusing, and condemning him to death by torture. You will see that the dramatists go one better, or worse, than the author of that unsatisfactory Shakespearean drama called "Measure for Measure." They, however, act on the "ring and run away" principle exhibited too often by playwrights. We ought to have seen the strife and contending emotions in the mother's heart, to have had some kind of discussion of the two horns of the cruel dilemma; but, in fact, the mother hardly hesitates—she determines, at once, I think, that her darling boy is to be sacrificed rather than her honour. After this, the

dramatists have nothing left to do but find some stage contrivance by means of which she can dodge the dilemma altogether and enable her son and her honour to escape, and this they do without much difficulty; but there is little merit in the stagey contrivance. I confess that I was rather vexed: I hate this ring-and-run-away method. One really wants to know, in order to be interested deeply in the piece, what Mrs. Gregory, or any other real woman in her position, would have felt and thought—and done, for I don't suppose for a minute that loyalty to her husband and the sense of chastity would have caused her to make up her mind without vast difficulty to leave her son to his fate. Indeed, I believe that many mothers, or most, would have made the dreadful sacrifice. I have always disliked the cold Isabella enormously, and think that Shakespeare's Duke—a foolish fellow—must have found her a very unpleasant bride. And what a drama if the mother had consented! At the moment I can only think of one instance in literature dealing with the woman who did sacrifice herself, and that was Boule de Suif, heroine of Maupassant's first and very brilliant story. No doubt there are other cases, but certainly there is none that I know of on the stage. The Frenchman makes the scenes after the sacrifice the best part of his tale. What a lot of subjects will still



IN THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM! MR. LESLIE CARTER AS MR. GREGORY, AND MR. MATHESON LANG AS WU LI CHANG.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

be left for me when I have saved enough out of my princely salary to retire from the ranks of the dramatic critics and become a dramatist—a very bad one, probably.

A Capital Melodrama.

"Mr. Wu," which in reality is a capital melodrama passing in China, has a clever first act with a nicely written love scene, in which Miss Bayley acted charmingly as the deceived maiden. Moreover, the last act, consisting mainly of the long scene between Mrs. Gregory and the revengeful Heathen Chinees, is quite thrilling at times, and the dialogue is well above the ordinary standard. Miss Lilian Braithwaite plays the part of Mrs. Gregory admirably, getting out the full agony of the woman without any touch of the melodramatic, which makes me wish the more that the part had been fully developed by the dramatists. The performance of Mr. Matheson Lang in the name-

part has been greatly admired, and certainly it is very effective, and throughout he is really impressive; but I think that he is too successful in masking his emotions, the result being to cause one to doubt whether they are there. The play presents two charming pictures—one of a Chinese garden in the first act, and the other of a rich, handsome Celestial interior, a splendid scheme of black and gold.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



THAT'S THE WORST OF STRONG TEA! MR. WU STRIKES THE GONG INSTEAD OF THE WOMAN—MR. MATHESON LANG AS WU, AND MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS MRS. GREGORY.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "MR. WU," AT THE STRAND.



MR. WU TAKES THE "RIGHT-WRONG" TEA-CUP: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS MRS. GREGORY,
AND MR. MATHESON LANG AS WU LI CHANG.

"Mr. Wu" is an Anglo-Chinese play in three acts and two tableaux, written by Harry M. Vernon and Harold Owen.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LÉON BAKST.

M. LÉON BAKST has a liking for London; St. Petersburg and Paris are, properly speaking, his chosen cities; and his greatest adventures have been either French or Russian. But when M. Bakst comes to London he remembers the days when Aubrey Beardsley assisted him to discover his own talent, when the influence of the pale English youth of the 'nineties swept the Continent and showed the young men in the studios of Paris that originality was a better thing than the most brilliant obedience to the teaching of the professors.

His Career. M. Bakst, born in Russia in 1868, went to Paris when he was twenty-five, and studied under the Finnish artist Edelfelt. But his work was as much among the mummies and the music-halls as in the studio. While he was building for himself a reputation as a painter of Salon subject-pieces and fashionable portraits, he was being stirred by the rush of cosmopolitan life in a city where Persians and Germans, Scots and Greeks, rub elbows in lecture-hall and restaurant. Commissions from the Russian Government reached him while he was still in France, and took him home. But not for long was he content to paint histories in oil-colour. By a stroke of Imperial genius, he was turned loose, instead, into the gorgeous world of Ballet. Only in Russia, which is next-door to the East, is a Court painter given the chances that were given to Léon Bakst.

A Man of Red. It is said that he has discovered a new red for the Hippodrome Revue. Red is his own colour. His hair and moustache are like the flaming silks in which he robes the marvellous Ida Rubinstein, the woman who is said to have conquered a composer, an author, and an artist—Debussy, d'Annunzio, and Bakst. But it does not follow that Bakst is in love with the women he makes wonderful. His passion is design; he is accustomed to think in tens and hundreds. And there is something fearsome in both the designs and the moustache.



HEARD BY M. LÉON BAKST, THAT HE MIGHT DESIGN APPROPRIATE DRESSES FOR HER WEAR IN THE LONDON HIPPODROME REVUE: MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

Photograph by Bassano. (See portrait of M. Bakst in Supplement.)

happenings," she complains, conscious that she herself would carry a certain feeling of friendliness and comfort into a Chamber of Horrors or a Larkin meeting.

Stage Frights. "I was sorry for the girl who would wake up in that queer Bakst bedroom," said Miss Ellen Terry after watching the curtain go down on "Le Spectre de la Rose." A bedroom by Bakst is the last place in the world where one would choose to sleep. He lacks repose. His sheets must fly on a gale, his curtains are taken up in riotous draughts; he could never be content with the two prim shoes that Carpaccio painted under the bed when he made his famous picture of St. Ursula in Venice. To Miss Ellen Terry this inability to be at rest is the chief drawback of Bakst's art. Her own genius is of the other order; she brings quiet with her, while he brings disquiet. "His castles are places meant for terrible

The Trousers. But even Miss Ellen Terry admits his genius; everybody admits it. He has drawn the leaping Nijinsky, and carried London off its legs. And in carrying London off its legs, he has made our English maidens and matrons very conscious of their own. At the Picture Ball, according to a rough estimate, five out of every ten women wore trousers. Bakst is responsible: the trousers they wore are borrowed from his workshops. All the queer wrappings, piebald tights, and improvements, in crimson and black silk, on the puttee are his—or aspire, at least, to the Bakst look.



DESIGNING DRESSES AND CREATING THE COLOUR-SCHEMES FOR THE CHRISTMAS REVUE AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: M. LÉON BAKST.

Photograph by Hoppé.

whim, the ballet responded to his least wish without a murmur. But in Mme. Paquin he came into contact with the mighty aristocracy of modes. "I want to clothe the modern woman," he said. "I want to clothe her unconventionally; I want her tunic to go this way, her skirt to hang thus, her scarf to be twisted so. I want," he continued, "fair women to wear this, dark to wear that; tall women may wear this, short may wear that." "*Mon cher Monsieur*, I shall do my best," was all the lady said.

His Scope. His designs did actually take shape, but not wholly as he would have had them. Perhaps the Paquin blue pencil had something to do with it; perhaps the dark woman insisted on the fair woman's privilege, and the tall woman on the short woman's; perhaps a scarf will not remain just as M. Bakst flings it with his brush on to the paper. Only a leaping Nijinsky and an undulating Karsavina can really carry such clothes. They need a race of acrobats; the Albert Hall maidens were not successful, nor does the Parisienne quite tumble to his notions. But without a doubt he has, with editing, made a vast change in the costume of his age. If he still gives his energies to the theatre, it is because in the theatre he is never edited. There he is the autocrat: a little quick-tempered, a little frightening, and immensely confident that undiluted Bakst is the proper wear for the present generation—if not of duchesses, at any rate of dancers.

The Dress of the Future. It was only when he had made his designs for "Jeux" that it occurred to him that he might help to dress, not only the ballet, but the world at large. Debussy's music for "Jeux" sought to express the ideas of the future. The latest fashion is old game to the modern composer; his only concern is for the day after to-morrow. Bakst was quick to take his cue. To-day is already a sort of background for the acrobatic æsthetics that project themselves headlong into the middle of next week. The smart women of Paris no sooner saw "Jeux" than they felt that Bakst was a prophet—a major prophet of the modes. And he himself was quicker still. He had already acted on the same discovery: he had paid a visit to Mme. Paquin.

Undiluted Bakst. It was one of the most interesting interviews of his life. Hitherto he had always had his fling: in the green-room he could run riot with his paint-box; the obedient Karsavina obeyed his most extravagant



HEARD BY M. LÉON BAKST, THAT HE MIGHT DESIGN APPROPRIATE DRESSES FOR HER WEAR IN THE LONDON HIPPODROME REVUE: MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG.

ON SPORT INTENT AND ON CHARITY BENT: SOCIETY "SNAPS."



AT MAJOR CHICHESTER CONSTABLE'S SHOOT AT BURTON CONSTABLE: THE HON. BERNARD FITZALAN-HOWARD, ELDER SON OF LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP; AND MISSES VIOLET AND ETHEL CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.



AT MAJOR CHICHESTER CONSTABLE'S RECENT SHOOT AT BURTON CONSTABLE, NEAR HULL: MR. JOSEPH RADCLIFFE AND MISS CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.



THE KING'S ONLY DAUGHTER HUNTING WITH THE WEST NORFOLK: PRINCESS MARY—ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.



AT THE NAZARETH BAZAAR, OPENED BY THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK: MISS IDA MOLESWORTH AND MISS ELSIE GOULDING MAKING A SALE TO SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT.

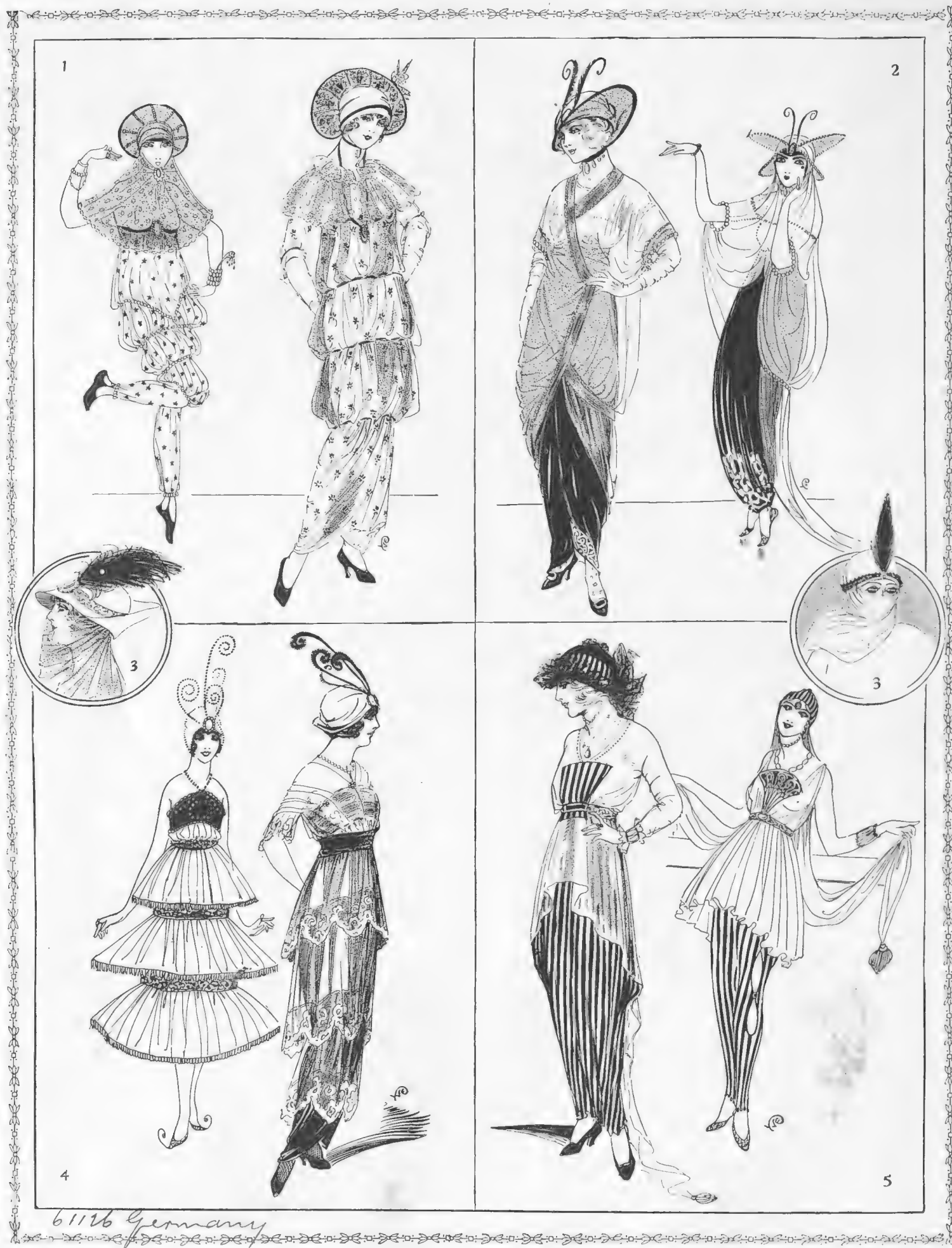


RE-OPENING THE CHURCH ARMY LABOUR RELIEF DEPOT AT BRIXTON AND DISTRIBUTING GIFTS OF CLOTHING TO THE DESERVING: MRS. F. E. SMITH.

Here we have Society in two of its familiar phases—on Sport intent and on Charity bent.

Photographs by Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, L.N.A., and G.P.U.

WHY BOTHER ABOUT FANCY DRESS FOR ARABIAN NIGHTS' BALLS WHEN YOUR ORDINARY DRESS IS SO EASTERN THAT IT WILL DO?



1. THE ORIENTAL AND THE ORIENTALISED-EUROPEAN—THE LATTER OF EMBROIDERED CRÊPE DE SOIE, BLACK ON A WHITE GROUND, WITH A DEEP TULLE COLLARETTE, AND SWATHED HAT OF WHITE CHARMEUSE WITH A "HALO" OF CHANTILLY LACE.
2. THE ORIENTALISED-EUROPEAN AND THE ORIENTAL—THE FORMER OF BLACK CHARMEUSE AND SAXE-BLUE NINON WITH NET TOP.

To the mere man, at all events, it is a little difficult to see why ladies should go to the trouble of having made, or of hiring, special Oriental dress for such balls as the Arabian Nights. Surely their ordinary dress is Oriental enough? Witness these

3. THE ORIENTALISED-EUROPEAN AND THE ORIENTAL—THE NOSE VEIL.
4. THE ORIENTAL AND THE ORIENTALISED-EUROPEAN—THE LATTER IN NINON AND LACE OVER CRIMSON CHARMEUSE.
5. THE ORIENTALISED-EUROPEAN AND THE ORIENTAL—THE FORMER IN BLACK-AND-WHITE PÉKINÉ SILK AND WHITE MOUSSELINE-DE-SOIE.

drawings, than which nothing could show better the undoubted influence the East has had of late on European dress. As to the sterner sex, the Orient has not touched them. Will it be long before it does so?

WHY NOT A LAND - SEER ?



THE FIRST LADY: My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now which would you have?

THE SECOND: Well, as far as that goes, any of those French cars are pretty good.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

ALTHOUGH I have never kindled with *à priori* rage against all Liberal Governments, I cannot keep quite cool when Liberal Ministers filch away my cherished liberties. His Majesty's Postmaster-General has just served me with a notice, on the mean paper and in the ignoble type so well beloved in our Government Departments. It deplores the fact that certain Britons, in past years, have posted "advertising circulars" just before Christmas, and Mr. Samuel is determined that this iniquity shall be stamped out with a firm foot. He does not propose to station detectives at every pillar-box with orders to arrest every office-boy who may be found squeezing circulars through the slit: but he has worked out a little scheme for sitting tight on the stuff until after Boxing Day, by which time it will have become a little staler than a hot-cross bun on Easter Wednesday.

Now I maintain that the Postmaster-General has no moral right to do any such thing. By way of examples, let us suppose that next Friday half-a-dozen people will sit down to write my name and address on half-a-dozen envelopes or wrappers. Number One is a florist who has just made a Unique Purchase of Bulbs (all true to name) in Holland. Number Two is my Aunt Adelaide, who sends a card representing a Washington Irving Christmas carouse, "Wythe Ye Olde Greetynge." A wine-merchant is Number Three; and he wants to remind me of the very few remaining dozens of Haut Brion, 1899, now offered for cash at about half the usual credit prices. Number Four develops at length, in a spirituous calligraphy, his hardy-annual proposals concerning a small loan for his large family. Number Five is an enthusiastic amateur who has printed an advertising circular about his forthcoming revivals of the lesser works of Bach. Number Six is the male of a brace of amiable bores who hope that I will dine with them as usual on Christmas Eve. Now it may be freely admitted that the announcements of the bulbs and the Haut Brion, 1899, and the lesser works of Bach, are in printers' ink, while the other three are mainly written with the aid of the admirable fluid perfected by the late Mr. Stephens. But this does not alter the fact that I am wanting some rare bulbs, and some cheap Haut Brion, 1899,

General that he should rob a free-born Englishman of his bulbs and his Haut Brion and his Bach?

I should like the Postmaster-General to sit down and ask himself what a Briton has in mind when he walks up to a counter and

spends his penny or his halfpenny on the little effigy of his Majesty King George V. which we call a stamp. The coin is not sacrificed with a view to acquiring a work of art: because our rulers have long ago determined that they will not raise the public taste by printing millions of little heads of our gracious King after an original by some sound portrait-painter or medallist. A Briton buys a stamp, and licks it, and sticks it on, because he believes that the document to which he affixes it is thus franked into the headlong world of his Majesty's mails: the world of foamy horses, of cracking whips, of roaring engines, of churning screws. Long before Mr. Samuel was invented, the post was fondly thought of as the smartest thing in the country. A post-boy's horn roused the most slothful sluggard; and "post-haste"

ranked second only to the suicidal speed of break-neck fellows like those who (for reasons kept to himself by Browning) were in such a hurry to get from Ghent to Aix. But Mr. Samuel will change all that. The bulb-man's offer will take six days to travel six hundred yards; and I shall learn that somebody is playing the lesser works of Bach about an hour after the last chord of the last lesser work has been struck upon the clavier.

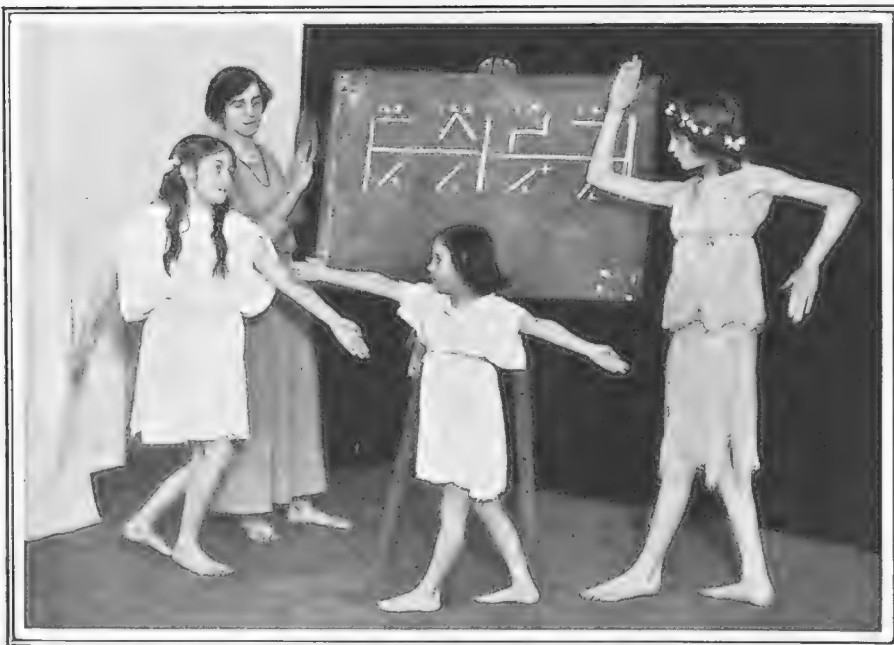
No. It won't do. We must rise. Christmas without circulars (to say nothing of samples) will be like a Christmas Number without the advertisements. There is only one pleasure greater than turning over pictures of things one would like to have; and that is the pleasure of reckoning up the myriads of expensive and foolish and vulgar articles which one would not have at any price. To accept all the offers in an average batch of Christmas circulars would require almost American wealth; and when, after running through them all, I write no more than a couple of cheques for a pound or two each, I can rise from my desk and go and face the world with a fine consciousness of connoisseurship, of eclecticism, of will-power, of dignified frugality, of self-restraint. Besides, if we are to have no circulars, how are we going to shave? Ours is a patient race; but the Government must not go too far.



COLLABORATOR WITH MASCAGNI IN THE OPERA "PARISINA": SIGNOR GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

The new opera, "Parisina," with whose first presentation the Scala, of Milan, is honoured, is by Pietro Mascagni, with libretto by Gabriele d'Annunzio. So two intensely national artists work in harmony. Writing before the production, a "Times" correspondent said: "Theirs is the art which one naturally associates with Italian skies and scenery. . . . What will it make of such an essentially Italian theme as the story of Parisina? For the unhappy tale, more ancient still than Phædra, became absolutely Italian when it was enacted by the luckless wife of Nicholas d'Este on the stage of Ferrara. It is indeed a story after d'Annunzio's own heart, and one wonders that he has not re-told it before. Naturally in this particular combination of genius, it is the poet rather than the composer who claims attention, and, a rare thing in the case of an opera, curiosity is more excited on behalf of the libretto than of the music."

Photograph by Standen.



THE WRITTEN SIGNS OF DANCING: A BLACKBOARD LESSON FOR PAVLOVAS AND KARSAVINAS OF THE FUTURE.

Our photograph illustrates a method of teaching adopted by Miss Margaret Morris.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

and some lesser works of Bach; while I am equally eager not to have a Greetynge, or to make a small loan, or to dine with amiable bores on Christmas Eve. And who is the Postmaster-

NO - EL OF A TIME !



EVERYBODY'S DOING IT NOW : CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLY.



THE BEST BUCKING-UP BEDSIDE BEHAVIOUR.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

IF, amiable readers, when perusing this page, you miss therein the common-sense and crude clarity which are its only merits, will you please put it down to temporary delirium? I am talking through—my eider-down! I would love to be able to brag about some rare, refined, and romantic illness; but, alas! "it was written" that not even disease would take me seriously! I am having tonsillitis: why not chicken-pox or growing pains? Tonsillitis sounds ridiculously juvenile, and means that for several days your neck resembles more that of a bulldog than that of a swan, and that you must not let anyone kiss you! Tantalising tonsillitis! I have richly deserved it! Let me confess that, a fortnight or so ago, I went to a large, official dinner of a brotherhood called the AUTHORS, and after the dinner there were speeches, and after the speeches there was a conversation—that is, people strolled aimlessly in a room without corners, and tried to talk in a jolly way, and failed. Now for a dinner to be enjoyable you must have a *vue d'ensemble* of the table, and be able to watch the faces of your fellow-guests; when there are several hundred of you, you can't do that—you can only eat! Then, for speeches to be enjoyable, you must be able to follow them—unless your neighbour seizes his opportunity and your hand under the table; but the tablecloth was very short! For a conversation to be brilliant, some non-self-conscious altruist must sit at the piano and attack a waltz: there is nothing like a Boston for boredom! But I could not start dancing all by myself, so I decided to finish the evening in a truly human and foolish manner—I would not go straight home, but for a moonlight drive in Regent's Park. And I did, and it was lovely and cold. Just then I only noticed that it was lovely; but now I suspect that it must have been cold!

To you, amiable readers, who may be afflicted with tonsillitis or influenza, or any December disablement, I will tell you how to spend the bedroom period without too much gnashing of teeth and feeling of self-waste. Do as I do, hold your *at homes* in bed! Instead of a *levée*, have a *couchée*! First warn your friends honestly that tonsillitis is contagious; then, if they shrug their shoulders or say they "don't care a d—," according to their nationality, let them be ushered into the sick-room, not one by one, but all together—as many as can be contained. You will soon forget that you are ill, and that, of course, is the beginning of convalescence! Last evening I had one such gathering of friends who had come to inquire, and remained to amuse me. Some sat in armchairs, on chairs, on stools, some

squatted on the floor, others on the foot of the bed; while Germaine brewed lemonade and distributed fruits and cinnamon lozenges. It was the court of Bohemia; I felt regal, if weak, and would not have chosen to be well again if it meant relinquishing the right to be petted and humoured. Everyone spoke, *raconted*, or recited.

My Japanese friend, Mr. T. G. Komai, was there, my friend with the immense soul darting out of his coffee-coloured eyes, and the look of an exquisite toy. He gave me the *primeur* of extracts from his coming lecture on Chinese and Japanese poetry.

Here is an old poem by a Japanese poetess. I wish I were a painter, to fix, side by side with the words, its frail daintiness and cobwebby charm—

CONVOLVULUS MAJOR.

Oh, dear little Morning Glory! You crawled to entwine my water-bucket with blossoms!

How can I bear to tear you from my well? I would rather go next door to beg for water!

Can you not see the little lady, in a bright kimono, coming out of her little house, with little hurried steps of her little noisy feet—

clig-clog, clig-clog—carrying her little pail, and then stopping at the well in delighted wonder? Around the rope convolvuli, blue and garnet, have hung their bells during the night. And the little lady, looking herself very much like some complicated flower, stares at the magic birth in rapture, one little yellow finger on her little scarlet mouth. Is it not a fit subject for Mr. Markino's brush?

And here is an impromptu poem by my friend himself. I am copying it such as it was born, written in pencil on the back of an envelope, or is it—yes, it is—the back of the doctor's prescription? But you will be able to read it, among other good things, in the *Poetry Review* of this month—

To have missed you even for one day appears to me like a thousand years:

If you leave me, the cold Spring seems to sob:

If you come to me, Moonbeams fill my room.

And, again, this—

Would that I might become Like a chaste and virtuous pine-tree, To live with her

For a thousand years to come!

They are not niggardly as to a few hundred years or so in Japan: a thousand seems the time-limit!

Isn't it worth while enduring tonsillitis to have Eastern laurels thrown on your coverlet, so to speak; and does not the invigorating smell of that virtuous and chaste pine-tree (there is no merit in being chaste and virtuous if you are a tree) compensate one for the medicine-bottles hiding their distasteful array behind the flower-vases?



THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY SHOW-BENCH: MISS GRACE BELLAMY'S NEW BLUE PUG-DOGS (ELEVEN WEEKS OLD), AT THE PET DOG SHOW AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Photograph by Sport and General.



PETS THAT HAVE PASSED, IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: A RECORD OF DOGS AND CATS.

Comparatively few realise that the Natural History Museum has permanently on show a very interesting collection of stuffed dogs and cats, including a number of famous animals. The collection was begun ten years ago, and now includes nearly every known variety of canine and feline pet. Recent additions are the stuffed skins of famous Chinese and Japanese and King Charles spaniels.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

When Science Creates! Recipes for the Biological Frankenstein.



WHAT WE WANT FROM THE LABORATORY. No. V.—PETS OF PRACTICAL UTILITY TO PONDEROUS PEDESTRIANS.

Science, some say, can make living creatures. The world is rather overcrowded as it is, so we suggest that those concerned restrict themselves to the construction of beings that might really be useful. Our Artist offers some more helpful hints.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



BY ONE WHO SEES: FAIRIES AND FAIR GAME.*

**Fairies of Eternal
Snows, and Witches
of the Storm.**

"Getting through" many a wet day in camp, and waiting long hours on the hillside for an evening stalk, Captain Haughton sped the lagging minutes by scribbling notes and sketching, filling a diary in which folk-lore and sport play equal part. Out of this has been born a book fairly called, in Wendy language, awfully fascinating. For our Captain, though of a profession whose leaders are not invariably imaginative, has eyes to see, and sees—is that rare man, the keen lover of sport who is alive to beauties of the earth and the legends of its peoples. What average "gun" would worry himself about folk fancies, would even listen patiently to the tales of the untaught native? It wants the mind attuned to such things to appreciate their significance. That is where Captain Haughton is so exceptionally good a narrator. He is not out of sympathy with "Lo, the poor Indian." "Let a man," he says, "be once caught on the open hillside, far above the forest line and human habitations, in a severe thunderstorm, and thus be, as it were, actually in the midst of the thunder and lightning, hearing and seeing their constant rumbling and dazzling flashes and the rushing of the winds, before the onslaught of which giant trees in the forest below go tumbling down like nine-pins, so that the whole universe seems to be rushing and tumbling about his ears—let him once be caught in such a storm, and then he will probably no longer laugh at the simple-minded mountaineer who believes that fairies live in the eternal snows and witches frolic before the storm."

**The Thread
Uniting Vulture
and Quarry.**

"And," he tells us, "that same mountaineer's faith is so simple, and sometimes saves so much trouble; we Sahib-log see the vultures sailing up one after another, merging from tiny specks in the dim blue distance to settle on the remains of the animal which we have killed, and we commence arguing and speculating at once as to their prompt arrival. How do they know? Is it by their sense of smell? Is it by abnormal sight? Or is it by the use of both these senses aided by a wonderful system of signalling, the news being passed on from sentinel to sentinel as they circle so gracefully in the upper air? Who knows for certain? Our simple hill-man does, or thinks he does—which comes to much the same thing, for it saves him from all argument and speculation. It is, of course, the fairies who are at the bottom of the matter, spinning an invisible gossamer thread from the blood of the slain to the beaks of the vultures, and drawing them in unerring flight towards their meal."

**"Tall" Stories to
be Heard with
Understanding.**

In such mood may one receive, if not with belief, with understanding, many a "tall" story, give listening ear to tales of no ordinary snakes, shudder at knowledge of Banbuddhi of the Shamshaberi Range. "Some say it is a wild man, others a wild

opposite direction to that which it really travels. But 'those who really know' have told me that this Rantas or Banbuddhi is neither man nor beast, but an evil spirit which has the power of making itself invisible or of appearing in many different forms and speaking in many voices." And so to other stories, such as those of Trangphalio the Hunter; of Trakhan, son of a young Ra of Gilgit; of Soglio, the Dainyal, who saved the people, but lost his own life; of Shamsheer, the Fairy Prince from Skardu; and many another—even to that of Bobili Matting, Bobili's Peak, near the Djin's polo-ground. This is the manner of it: "It is said that a long while



WHERE IS YOUR GARDEN-PETS' RECORD NOW? EGGS LAID—IN SWITZERLAND—
BY A TORTOISE.

Our Correspondent writes: "These eggs were laid by a pet tortoise kept in an hotel garden in Switzerland. The owner, walking in his grounds one day, was surprised to find three eggs on the gravel path. Taking them up, he placed them on a plate of sand. The next morning he found six more eggs where he had found the first. These he added to the three already taken; and the tortoise visited them as they rested on the plate of sand."

ago there came from Lingur, in Baltistan, a famous magician named Kesari, who settled in Hunza and married Bobili, a maiden of the country. When he had been living in Hunza for some time he received news from his relations in Baltistan, by means of carrier-pigeons, that a man more powerful than himself in magic had destroyed his house and carried off his property, including Longa Brongo, the wife whom he had left behind in Lingur. So, taking Bobili in his arms, he flew up to the top of the sharp peak, and giving her one seer of cheena and a fowl, told her to drop one grain of cheena every day, and left her with the assurance that he would come back for her upon the day when the last grain was dropped. But cheena is a very fine seed, and apparently the supply is not yet exhausted, for the Hunza men say that they sometimes hear her singing and the cock crowing, and still call the mountain Bobili Matting."

**A Convict Cat,
Dog, and Pestle!**

For the rest, we must content ourselves with one more quotation—we cannot refrain from giving it—and a recommendation. Here is the former: it is about an old penal settlement and concerns a fine tabby cat! "This cat was convicted of no less offence than that of killing and devouring a parrot and a pet myna belonging to the old Maharajah, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life . . . it was allowed a ration of flour daily by the State." In another case—not in Kashmir—"a dog playing in the courtyard of a native house ran against a big wooden pestle used for pounding grain, which in falling killed a baby sleeping underneath it. The dog and the pestle were both brought before the judge, who convicted them both, and sentenced them to a term of hard

labour." Here is the advice: do not forget to read Captain Haughton's book. As we have shown, it deals fully and entertainingly with folk-lore; it is every bit as thorough and as pleasing in its dealings with sport—the shooting of bear and markhor, of mountain sheep and ibex, of chukor and what not—and of fishing for trout of Kashmir.



TWO-HORSE POWER AND MANY-HORSE POWER: AN OLD-STYLE TRAM AND A NEW-STYLE 'BUS IN OXFORD.

Oxford is still conservative enough to run horse-trams; but the motor-'bus has now come to it, and already the people of the district are taking joy-rides on the up-to-date vehicles.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

woman, gaunt and tall, with long, matted hair, and burning, sunken eyes—altogether most evil-looking, with beast-like feet joined on to the legs back to front, so that its tracks appear to be going in the

* "Sport and Folk-lore in the Himalaya." By Captain H. L. Haughton, of the 36th Sikhs. Illustrated. (Edward Arnold; 12s. 6d. net.)

GIVING THEMSELVES AWAY.



THE RICH UNCLE: Does the doctor give you any hope?

HIS HEIR: No.

THE RICH UNCLE: Am I going to die, then?

HIS HEIR: No.

DRAWN BY VERA WILLOUGHBY.



HE (helping to buy Christmas presents): Here you are. Send

Frank this. They're always amusin'. I've got one at the office and play with it all day.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



GREAT-UNCLE (severely): If you're not good children, you shan't go to your great-aunt's funeral.

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE; PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF THE "FIGARO."

HEAD-TO-EARTH AIRMEN: PILOTS WHO FLY UPSIDE DOWN.



1. WITH CIRCLES PAINTED ON THE UPPER SIDE OF THE PLANES THAT THE PUBLIC MAY SEE WITH EASE WHEN THE MACHINE IS FLYING UPSIDE-DOWN: MR. HUCKS ABOUT TO LOOP THE LOOP AT HENDON.

2. THE ORIGINATOR OF UPSIDE-DOWN FLIGHT, AND MEN WHO HAVE FOLLOWED HIS LEAD: AIRMEN WHO HAVE FLOWN UPSIDE DOWN.

The upside-down flights of Pégoud, the pioneer in such matters, we need not remind our readers, created a very great sensation. As a natural sequence came the decision of various other airmen to fly head towards the ground, and there have been demonstrations on the Continent and here notably—at Hendon, by Mr. Hucks and Mr. G. Lee Temple. The height at which the evolutions have to be performed if there

is to be reasonable safety for the daring airman is very considerable: hence the provision of such means designed to catch the eye as the circles painted on the tops of the planes of the monoplane shown. In connection with these, it may be remarked that circles are painted under the planes of French military air-craft, to serve as guiding signs.—[The first photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE FOOL OF NUMBER SIX.

By HAROLD BLIND.

MAJOR VASILY SANIN helped Anna Ivànovich to mount the slim horse which Geràsım, the Fool of No. 6 Company, had brought to the side of the troika. From the saddle, the wife of the Deputy-Procurator of the Military District of Erivan, in the Lieutenancy of the Caucasus, looked down into the eyes of the officer. The Fool saluted as the Major sprang on to his charger, and the two trotted past the column of the 3rd Kostroma Infantry, past the Cossacks of the advanced guard, and along the open steppe beside the rough track.

Great warm clouds drifted about the snow-clad peaks of the mighty Elburz ranges, whereon, it is fabled, Prometheus was bound in days of old.

With the stirring of the spring, so the wild peoples seemed to stir. The Tartars, disturbed by the wars between the Turks and the allies, were raiding again after many years of quiet.

Anna and Vasily rode far ahead of the convoy, whose wagons had stuck in the mud, towards the mountains. Their blood was singing to the rush of the clean air and the noble landscape.

The troops had halted. The Cossacks stuck their long lances in the moist turf and sat beneath them, watching their ponies crop the new grass. With the Infantry, Geràsım was making the men of No. 6 Company roar with uncouth laughter. He was a merry fellow from Saratov, on the head waters of the Don. He could twitch his wide ears, and move his scalp with its mass of black curls. He could imitate birds and beasts. He could fashion all kinds of toys and useful things with his enormous hands. Every company of the Russian Army has its "Fool," and many are heroes when it is war-time.

Anna and Vasily still rode towards the mountains, but now these were becoming full of shadows and the snows mellowed a trifle. . . .

Suddenly, as they topped a slight rise, they saw some horsemen in front of them. The Major pulled up, and, for the first time, realised how far ahead of the soldiers they must be. He looked back, and saw another party of horse to his right rear. His face set as he took his field-glasses from their case and adjusted them to his sight. He laid his hand upon Anna's arm.

"Gallop!" he said.

"What is the matter? Who are they?" she asked, a fear rising through the languor in her eyes.

"The Tartars!" said Vasily. "Gallop!"

No sooner had they started than the little knots of cavalry began to move as well and to string out across the steppe. Anna and Vasily were approaching the Tartars at an angle. Some, better mounted than the rest, drew away. Soon they saw their high hats, their armyaks whipping in the wind, the sun glinting on their flourished shashki. They heard them yell.

"It is no good!" shouted Vasily. "Ride hard—straight on to the north! Good-bye, and—and—I love thee! . . . For ever! . . . Thou hast been my paradise!"

He drew his sword. Anna glanced at her lover—at the racing enemy.

"Nay, dearest! . . . We will die together!" she gasped.

Vasily saw that she would not leave him.

"There is a chance!" he answered. "Keep ahead! Do not look round! Ride!"

Vasily met the Tartar Chief long before any of his comrades—at full gallop, but obliquely. Both horses staggered . . . the swords clashed. Anna seemed to fly ahead. Then she heard Sanin coming up behind, shouting, "Go on! Go on!"

Their horses drummed the soft ground side by side.

"Wheu-ew! Buzz! Whing!"—the bullets sang past them. Then came the belated crack of the reports. The Tartars were firing from the saddle, after their ancient custom. Thud! Anna's beast checked in its stride—went on—coughed a little—and pitched on to its knees.

When the Tartars came up, Sanin was holding Anna in his arms. He knew that it was no good fighting, and that he could serve her best by being alive. Two evil-smelling bandits bound the Russians with leather straps, and, mounting Sanin on his own horse, they put Anna up behind a red-bearded man called Ghazi Muktar. The chief, whom Vasily had dismounted, was only cut across the face and stunned. The sun was setting.

Long through the night the raiders rode into the foot-hills, and then into the gorges and forests of the mountains.

The moon was sinking when they reached the aul, which clung like a swallow's-nest under a cliff, and was composed of some twenty huts, and a mosque with a minaret, about a square with a big tree in the middle. Heavy contraptions made of wood clamped with iron and bearing rude padlocks were attached to the right ankles of the prisoners, and they were thrust into a lean-to hutch of rough stones beside the principal dwelling. Wherever and whenever they moved, they had to drag these kolodkas.

Voices, the barking of dogs, and night noises filled the village. Presently the wounded Chief and the red-bearded Ghazi Muktar came and stared at their captives, and talked in a guttural, clicking dialect. Then a girl brought them a kuvshinchik full of water, and they were left alone. Anna crept into Vasily's arms and began to sob. After a long time they fell into a sleep that was almost a stupor.

When the sun was well up, the door of the hutch was opened and the Tartars came to inspect their prizes. The girl, who wore a tunic and trousers tied at the ankle, gave the Russians coarse hearth-cakes. Ghazi Muktar, the Chief, and the Imâm conferred. They sent for a Nogaets who could blunder along in Russian. A ransom of five thousand roubles was demanded for the "Koroshio Urus"—the fine Russian man—and seven thousand for the fine woman. Sanin wrote the necessary letters with a sick heart. The captives were at liberty to hobble about with the kolodkas.

On the third day Vasily heard a commotion, and saw a group of tribesmen coming up the path through the pines. They had a prisoner with them, and when they came into the square the Major saw that it was Geràsım, the Fool of No. 6, who called cheerily—

"How are we, Batuska? I have come to see you and the lady!"

When Geràsım had been let go, with a kolodka on his leg, Vasily asked him how he got there.

"Excellency, it was simple! When you did not return to the column, the Cossacks rode forward and found the dead horse. I then went to Wing-Adjutant Dimitriévich, saying that I might be useful to your honour and Madame Anna. He gave me a pony, and I rode on your trail. I had a tussle before I was taken! Ha! ha! I made them skip! Our comrades dare not pursue, for fear these devils should cut your throat and marry the charming lady. But all will be arranged! I am hungry, little father!"

"Where are the troops?" asked Vasily.

[Continued overleaf.]

"At the fort in the pass, Excellency. Ha, there is a pretty girl—she will bring me meat!"

The days dragged on drearily. Geràsim made himself at home and drank deep of buza, which is a strong drink made from oatmeal and buckwheat. The simple life of the aul allowed the prisoners much liberty and free intercourse. The people came to treat Geràsim like a tame animal. He made dolls for the children. He mended bashmaks (the fine slippers) and beshmets (the embroidered under-tunics). He put two rifles to rights. Whenever somebody wanted him, they bawled, "Ivan! Ivan!"—for all Russians were "Ivan" to these folk.

All seemed going well until the Tartars brought back a dead comrade from some foray. Then the women wept and rent their garments, and the men prayed and jabbered, and the Imâm recited and bellowed. The captives kept close within their hutch. But the next day they were haled before the elders. The Nogaets said that a Tartar had ridden in with news that the ransoms were waiting down below and would be handed over on receipt of the three prisoners. But the Elders had decided to set free Geràsim and Major Sanin, and keep the woman. Their reasoning was simple—two ransoms were arranged for.

Sanin now was priced at the seven thousand roubles, and Geràsim at the five thousand. Everybody was justly done by. In vain Vasily argued with Ghazi Muktar, the Imâm, and the Chief. He strove to persuade them to let Anna go—let them keep Geràsim, who was so useful! He offered ten thousand—fifteen thousand roubles. Then Ghazi Muktar spat and said—

"It is not money! Money is only fit to be strung for women's necklaces! We want the woman!"

Sanin felt his blood run cold. Anna fainted. The red-bearded Muktar licked his lips like a wolf. Then the Tartars sent their victims back to the hutch.

"We must get away to-night!" said Geràsim to Vasily, who was trying to comfort Anna, now reviving.

It was night. The muezzin had called to evening prayer. The men had slaughtered a mare, and were holding a wake in honour of the dead paterfamilias. They would gorge and drink, and then they might make sport with the Russians if the mood took them. . . .

Already the feasting had begun. Geràsim strained his iron muscles working stones out from a hole under the wall which he had undermined for an arshin. The guard had gone to the wake, because no one could get out of a stone cell with the kolodkas to prevent them wandering. But Geràsim had easily picked the locks of these with a piece of wire he had got hold of whilst repairing the rifles. He worked out stones until they could creep through. When they stood in the open air, they saw the Tartars roasting the mare's flesh over a huge fire. The Russians slipped along in the shadows of the huts, and then down through the pines to the pastures where the Tabun—the herd of horses—was grazing. It was a long, steep descent in the pitch dark: they slipped—they fell—they collided with tree-trunks.

When they were half-way across the pasture, Geràsim said—

"Halt! The lady can rest! I will catch a horse!"

He went towards the suspicious Tabun, whistling softly. Presently Anna and Vasily heard the thud of hoofs as the beasts stampeded, but next they saw Geràsim loom up, leading a mare by her forelock.

"Come," said Geràsim, "you must ride like the Cossacks to-night!"

He lifted Anna astride the sharp back.

"Now, march!"

The two men fell in on either side. In this manner they hurried on until the ground fell sharply away through a great forest, and they heard a river rushing in its gorge. They leaned upon the horse and let her pick her path. All night long they went down, and down. It was hard work, and the sweat poured off them. The mare began to smell, rankly. Presently it grew lighter . . . it was the old moon rising an hour or so before the sun.

Suddenly the mare tossed her head and snuffed. Geràsim held up his hand, and they halted in the first grey of dawn. In a few minutes they heard distinctly the whining of a Tartar singing to keep away the ghosts of the half-light.

"He is alone," whispered Geràsim. "Hold the mare still, your Excellency!"—and he went to meet the voice.

Anna and Vasily heard a shout and a cry—then it was very still in the growing light. They waited.

Geràsim came back leading a saddled horse, and carrying the rifle, shashka, high hat, armyak, beshmet, and bashmaks and heavy whip of a Tartar. As he quickly put them on, giving Sanin the sabre, he said—

"He was a scout coming back to the aul. The troops must be moving. Now we are armed and mounted, and you and the lady can escape at once if we are followed. I can hold them with this rifle and cartridges. . . . See—it is one of our new ones!" He made a comical grimace and slapped his padded chest.

"I am a Tartar! You wait until they catch me!"

From the bag at the saddle of the captured horse he drew bread and a small kuvshinchick full of buza, and, as they went on, they ate and drank.

"We may need all our strength for a chase yet," said Geràsim, and asked God to bless their breakfast and protect them from all evil. Anna and Vasily were very silent.

So they held on until the sun was high, and many flies followed them, buzzing. When they drew clear of the gorges and it was easier going on the enormous slopes, Geràsim urged Sanin and Anna to ride on swiftly and leave him. But Anna's eyes filled with tears, and she clutched Vasily.

"Never! Thou art our friend, brother!" she said to the mouzhik.

"Nitchèvo! Forward!" he answered.

Presently, after a great time of growing weariness, they heard dogs giving tongue far away.

"They are coming!" said Vasily Sanin. "What now?"

"Change horses! Be quick!" replied Geràsim.

He lifted Anna down, and she could hardly stand. Vasily sprang into the deep saddle, and Geràsim put Anna before him, and then mounted the bare-backed mare.

"Go on! If God wills, we shall win out of the wood! I am now leading in the pursuit of you! Be swift!"

The Major, holding Anna tightly, drove his stirrups into the horse.

"You will follow?" he shouted.

The Fool nodded, and waited. At first he heard the flies buzz. Then, again, the baying of the hounds. Then the Tartars riding through the woods, hallooing. Geràsim kicked the mare into a gallop. Soon the forest was ending—thinning—and there came a belt of undergrowth which brought him to a walk. Then Geràsim came out upon the grassy plain, and bullied the mare harshly. She gathered her strength and galloped. He saw Sanin four hundred yards ahead, still going. He saw the smoke of distant camp-fires and the white tents of Russian soldiers. He heard the Tartars at his heels. He saw the Cossacks riding out to meet him. Then Sanin's horse went down, and Geràsim lashed his with the whip. The Tartars yelled, but dared not fire for fear of hitting Geràsim, whom they still took for one of themselves. The infantry were advancing across the steppe behind the Cossacks—little puppets running fast, but hardly moving. Geràsim sprang down beside Vasily, and the charging Tartars were met by the fire of his magazine-rifle. He laughed at their confusion. Two were knocked from their saddles and a horse went down. The rest yelled, and swung away back to the woods. The Cossacks whirled past, twirling their lances and screaming hoarsely. "Hurr! Hùrrah! Hùrrah!" they howled, and their horses' heels flung a shower of turf over Geràsim, Sanin, and Anna, who was just sitting up after the stunning fall.

But now "bang-bang-bang" went the Tartars' guns.

Geràsim was flung off his feet, backwards, falling spread-eagle. Vasily knelt beside him and tore open his clothes.

"God be praised, it is only a smashed shoulder! Curse those soft bullets, how he bleeds!"

Then Wing-Adjutant Dimitriévich spurred up.

"Vasily Sanin, by Peter and Paul! Anna Ivànovich! Leave that pig to die! What, Geràsim? It was he who fired at them? I always said the Fool of No. 6 had the right stuff in him!"

Anna had taken Geràsim's head on her lap.

"He is a hero! He has saved our lives—and our souls! Oh, be quick! He is dying!"

She was mechanically fingering a little ikon which was exposed on Geràsim's brawny chest.

"The devil!" said Dimitriévich, and spoke to his orderly.

The infantry now came panting up, and some stopped by the group. They were men of No. 6 Company. "It's Geràsim!" they said.

"Forward, you lazy cabbage-cutters!" roared Dimitriévich. "On! Can't you see them firing from the woods? Get on, dogs!"

"Shall be done, little father! After them, lads!" shouted the soldiers, and doubled towards the forest, in front of which the Cossacks had dismounted and were using their carbines over their ponies.

Anna and Vasily looked deep and long into each other's eyes. Anna lifted the ikon, dabbled in blood, and whispered—

"God forgives those sinners who repent, Vasily . . . my heart!"

At that moment the surgeon came up, and his orderly opened the surgical haversack and exposed the pungent dressings and shining instruments.

Vasily, relieved from holding Geràsim's blood in check, replied to Anna. He said—

"Then . . . we are forgiven, my dear friend!" . . .

Bugles were blowing faintly.

THE END.



AN OLD FAVOURITE : A NEW ONE : AN ANTIPODEAN.

THE Empire has shown us a certain depth of enterprise, and has given us yet another chance of seeing Mr. R. G. Knowles. This popular favourite has not been visible to us for some years, and his reappearance really counts as one of the links with the past which is really well worth preservation. Mr. Knowles is a person with a very distinct figure of his own, and one which one cannot attempt to ignore.

He retains the well-trie old costume which has now been known to us for so many long years, and reappears attired exactly as of old in the old black coat, white duck trousers, and top-hat which have been familiar to frequenters of the halls for so many years. He is exactly the same as he was years ago, and sings three songs interspersed with variegated patter in exactly the style to which we grew accustomed ages ago, and he makes himself roundly welcome. There is nothing particularly original about his songs, nor is there anything strikingly novel about his anecdotes, but he has the knack of making the old style go, and there lies everything; and it is good to notice that his welcome at the Empire is free and unrestricted. His style has not varied during his absence, and his voice retains much of its former volume, with the result that he is understood of the people at the back of the gallery, who, after all, are worthy of more consideration than they habitually receive. Mr. Knowles is one of the dwindling number of old-timers who count, and it is a real pleasure to welcome him back after a lengthy period of absence, and to find him still untouched by time, and as capable as ever of holding an audience entertained and amused by his light and ingenious patter.

An Oxonian Turn. At the Oxford the other evening I happened to hit upon Karno's Comedians, who were engaged in performing "Perkins in Paris," an absolutely inconsequent composition well within the interpretation of Mr. Fred Karno's clever company of entertainers. There are many people performing in the sketch, but they all are doomed to play a very 'second fiddle to Albert Bruno, who takes the part of Perkins, and who is perfectly successful in justifying those who placed him in it. It would be somewhat idle to attempt to expound the plot of this little piece. Suffice it to say that the first scene is laid in some studios in Paris, and that the second takes place at a ball given by a Countess to whom we have been to some extent introduced in the former. In these two scenes all sorts of people make intermittent appearances and do a variety of things, but they

are all playing up to Albert Bruno, who is a low-comedian admirably endowed with powers of amusing, which he employs in the most unstinting fashion. He never spares himself in the least to extract fun from his part, and is entirely successful in keeping a crowded house laughing until the fall of the curtain. He proceeds on his way upon well-established lines; but, in spite of the fact that there are those who might feel disposed to accuse him of well-worn methods, he is quite comfortably assured of their desirability, and he is very generally right. The result is a constant flow of merriment through the hall, and a very genuine reception of the turn. He receives capital assistance from those whose names are not given on the programme, but whose help is none the less valuable in the determination to secure laughter.

An Australian Humourist.

The other evening I found the Palace Theatre very full betimes, and could only put the fact down to a programme of complete excellence and to the fact that it was Harry Lauder's last week before his departure for America and Australia. Prior to his appearance there was a very entertaining conjurer, a soprano very much in earnest, the Palace Girls, and Mr. Albert Whelan, amongst others. Mr. Whelan is an old favourite at this house, and succeeds in maintaining his hold by clinging to the methods by which he began. As before, he enters in dress-clothes, and divests himself of his overcoat, hat, and gloves, and whistles a well-known air before getting

to business; and at the conclusion takes them off again, after arraying himself in them once more, and sits down to the piano just as the curtain falls, once again whistling the old familiar tune. Whether the time is not rapidly approaching when it will be necessary for Mr. Whelan to devise a new opening and a new close for his entertainment I am not wholly prepared to say; I personally may have wished for some new development, but it was perfectly clear that the crowded house was completely satisfied and asked for nothing more. Mr. Whelan was in capital form and fairly held the house. He began with "Snookioocum," a topical version of the well-known ditty, concluding with a good verse on the Salvation Army. Proceeding with "My Tango Wife," he told some stories which went very well; and then sang a French song with a whistling refrain. Next came an excellent imitation of Chirgwin, the White-Eyed Kaffir; next the well-known song of the Preacher and the Bear; and then the dénouement. The whole thing was extremely well done, and went as well

as could possibly be hoped; but I cannot help suggesting that Mr. Albert Whelan will at any rate very soon find it advisable to adopt a new method of entering and of making an exit.

ROVER.



THE WOMAN'S THEATRE (OTHERWISE, THE CORONET, NOTTING HILL GATE): MISS NANCY PRICE AS MME. NÉRISSE, EDITRESS OF THE WOMAN'S NEWSPAPER, AND MISS SUZANNE SHELTON AS CAROLINE LÉGRAND IN MRS. BERNARD SHAW'S TRANSLATION OF BRIEUX'S "LA FEMME SEULE," CALLED "WOMAN ON HER OWN."

Photograph by Topical.



WOMAN ON HER OWN—AND IN FAVOUR OF VOTES FOR WOMEN—AT THE CORONET: MISS LENA ASHWELL AS THÉRÈSE, AND MR. NORMAN V. NORMAN AS M. NÉRISSE, EDITOR OF THE WOMAN'S NEWSPAPER.

The Woman's Theatre Inauguration Week was held at the Coronet Theatre from Dec. 8 until the 13th, when were produced "Woman On Her Own," from Brieux's play, "La Femme Seule," and Björnson's "A Gauntlet," translated by R. Farquharson Sharp. The aims of the Woman's Theatre are "to present plays, written either by men or women, which show the woman's point of view; to provide a new outlet for the activities of women members of the theatrical profession; to run the theatre on a co-operative basis, guarantors sharing in the profits; to help and forward the Women's Movement to enfranchisement, and to promote the unification of all suffrage and feminist societies." The general committee consists of ninety ladies.

Photograph by C.N.

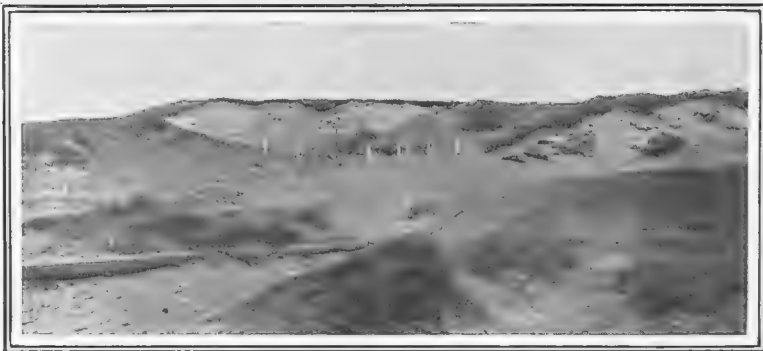


ON THE LINKS

GOLF AND THE STAGE: FROM THE CURATE TO WHICHELLO AND A JOAN OF ARC POSTER.

Joan of Arc as Golfer!

A girl golfer, who is a very nice girl and a powerful and attractive player, surprised me the other day by asking suddenly what I thought of Joan of Arc at the finish of her drive, and, being set wondering in this way, the fact began to work itself out in my inner



ON THE HUNSTANTON LINKS: FACING THE FIRST TEE.

consciousness that in walking about London a certain idea of a feminine figure at the finish of the golfing swing had somehow begun to get fixed vaguely in my mind. One sees golf everywhere so much in these days that one does not take notice of it as one used to do in the end days of the last century, when a person who was seen on the platform at Euston or Charing Cross with golf-clubs was looked upon as one whose last will and testament would surely be upset in the courts after he had done with the world; and the golfer, having regard to his suspected mental state and this contingency, would hide his bag of clubs underneath a pile of overcoats and stop himself suddenly when he remembered that he was practising swings with his walking-stick. Now it is golf everywhere, and he who is minus clubs at Waterloo and Victoria has often the air of one who has forgotten something. The hoardings are covered with fancy golf advertisements, there are golf novels, and it is difficult to find a stage-play in these days in which golf is not made to take a part; while a few months since I was bidden to a theatre to see the very first whole-golf play that ever was produced. One remembers that when first golf was mentioned on the stage it was done very timidly and hesitatingly, and the game was not made out to be a very noble and splendid thing. Was not the first stage golfer a curate, and did he not go pottering about with some misshapen golf antics in a very curious sort of way and at the wrong times always? Golfers do not like that kind of thing.

The Handicap of Whichello.

We do stage golf very much better now, as witness the transformation of the stage golfer from the curate in question—who was by no means as fine a fellow as so many other curates are—to the strong and sporting English gentleman, a fine, good-natured chap, rather too much of an easy-going one, Whichello, who shows us his keenness for the game every night in "Mary Goes First," at the Playhouse. Whichello does not like to miss his golf: he prefers living in the country to London because he can get it so much easier; and he dislikes a political wrangle with a highly Nonconformist ally as a substitute for a round that had been arranged. I like Whichello, and have a certain admiration for him, even if I feel, on a close consideration of his temperament and points, that he will never get his handicap below, say, six or seven. He is not the kind of man who does it. However, "I may not golf very well, but I do

feel life," as the bishop said when, uncomplainingly and with proper piety, he played his thirty-seventh niblick shot at his ball that lay in the bottom of a prickly bush; and so it is with Whichello and many of us. All this may seem to have next to nothing to do with Joan of Arc at the finish of her swing, as mentioned at the beginning, but it has. The lady's observation stirred the vague impression in my mind to a clear reality, I looked around, and there she was, of course. The Raymond Roze operatic people at Covent Garden had issued a poster for their production of the new opera, "Joan of Arc," a picture of that heroine of France clad in a suit of mail, with her left foot forward, her sword held in front and pointing up, and her gaze directed ahead and high.

The Orleans Finish.

It is clearly and decidedly the attitude of a golfer at the finish of her swing, and it could not have been better done anyhow, for from the golf point of view it is excellent—far more so than most real golf pictures are. It seems to me that Joan has rather snapped at her drive, her swing is a trifle short, and she has pulled in her hands and arms rather much in finishing. I should say that she has probably sliced, and apparently she has skied the ball somewhat, for she is looking up. This particular drive may not have sent the ball much farther than from Covent Garden down to the Strand, downhill as it

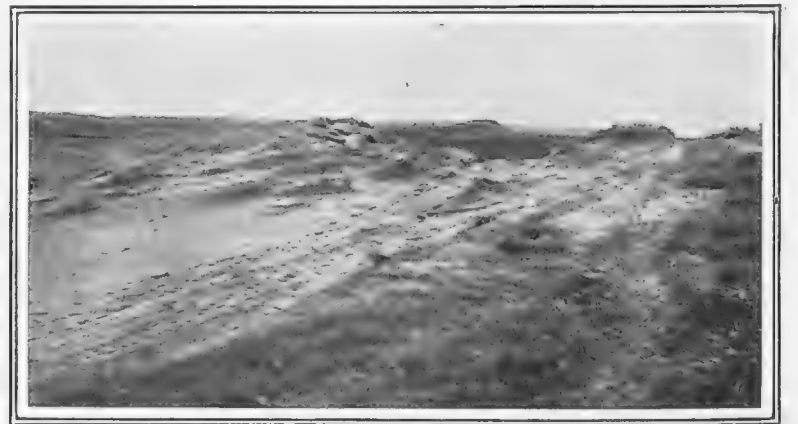
is all the way, but there is sufficient evidence that the Maid of Orleans here represented can play the game, even if it was somewhat before her early time. Meanwhile the modern players of the ladies' game are, with their customary promptitude and despatch, completing their arrangements for their next season's play and competitions, those of the current year having now been done with. They had a Council meeting of their Union at Liverpool the other day, at which much excellent business was despatched, and it was settled that the Championship should be held at Hunstanton in the week beginning May 11. The Hunstanton course is a very good one, full of sport and full of golf, and thoroughly seaside in all its characteristics. It has only just missed becoming one of the really great seaside courses. Its short holes are very appetising things, and it gives room for hitting at some of the long ones,



THE COURSE ON WHICH THE NEXT LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE PLAYED: THE HUNSTANTON LINKS—THE CLUB-HOUSE.

The Hunstanton (Norfolk) Golf Club's course is set among the "Marram Hills," to the north-east of the old village of Hunstanton, and runs along the sea-shore for nearly two miles. The holes, which are distinctly sporting, vary in length from 100 to 520 yards. For the most part, the hazards are sand-bunkers, with, now and again, patches of rushes.

really great seaside courses. Its short holes are very appetising things, and it gives room for hitting at some of the long ones,



ON THE HUNSTANTON LINKS: GOING TO THE NINTH—A TYPICAL PIECE OF THE NORFOLK SEA-SIDE GOLFING COUNTRY.

the longest being 520 yards. There is also a new club-house, and a very fine one.

HENRY LEACH.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 29.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

THE details of the land assets scheme of the Canadian Pacific Railway failed altogether to come up to the expectations of the Market, and led to a fair amount of selling. A special investment fund is to be formed, representing a total of 55,000,000 dols., and the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific will be offered the right to subscribe for 52,000,000 dols. of 6 per cent. Notes at the price of 80 per cent. The Company will guarantee interest and redemption, which is to take place at the latest in 1924; so it will be seen that there is a distinct bonus attached. As a matter of fact, one new note will be issued in respect of every five shares, and the rights are valued in the Market at about 4½ dols. per old share.

In some quarters it was expected that a bonus would be paid in scrip or cash, and some surprise has been expressed that further money should be required so soon after the bonus issue of stock which produced £21,000,000 sterling. Our own opinion is that still further money will be raised before long, in addition to the £8,000,000 odd which the new Notes will produce. There are large contracts for construction works still outstanding, and we have little doubt that the policy of extension will be vigorously continued, in view of the fact that two rival transcontinental systems will be completed shortly. Natural growth will, of course, compensate for the fresh competition to a large extent, and the financial position of the Company is so strong that there is no possible chance of a reduction of dividend. Present income represents about 18 per cent. on the capital. This new competition, the probable reduction of freight-rates, and the possible effects of the opening of the Panama Canal, must all be taken into consideration in estimating the value of Canadian Pacific shares. On the other hand, the free market which they enjoy, and the practical certainty of further bonuses during the next few years, make any serious fall in value very unlikely.

VAN RYN GOLD MINES.

The Report of this Company for the years 1912-13 should certainly draw some attention to the shares. In spite of the necessity of suspending milling for part of June, and the consequent rise of working costs by 3d. per ton, the total earnings, at £288,850, were £6000 better than for the previous twelve months. The directors have been enabled slightly to increase the dividend: the total for the year being 47½ per cent., against 45 per cent.; while the carry-forward was slightly higher, at £18,200.

At the end of June 1912, the ore reserves amounted to 2,064,444 tons, having a value of 27s. per ton; the number of tons at the end of June 1913, was practically identical, but the average value was 27s. 8d. per ton. This is quite satisfactory, and as it represents over four years' supply, we do not think shareholders need be anxious because development work was suspended during August and September, owing to the shortage of native labour.

The current year did not commence very well, as the July profits were adversely affected by the strike, and fell to £14,800, but there has been a gradual improvement since then, and the November profit was quite up to the normal figure, at £24,200. It does not seem very probable that there will be a market increase, if any, in the dividends for the current year, but the shares appear quite attractive at their present price. On the basis of last year's distribution, the yield is over 15 per cent., when allowance is made for accrued dividend.

CHILIAN TRANSANDINE.

Several correspondents have written to us lately about the position of the Debentures of this Railway, and especially the "C" Debentures, which at one time this year stood at over 90, and are now no better than 74.

The last report did not make very good reading for the Debenture-holders, as the credit balance was merely nominal. Continual troubles are experienced owing to the snowing-up of the line, and the consequent impossibility of running a transcontinental service all through the year. A certain number of snow-sheds have already been built, but have not, up to the present, proved very efficacious. More money is required to complete the work, and would be very difficult to raise, and, while the exchange remains at its present low level, very little help can be expected from the Chilean Government.

Our own view is that, in addition to this trouble, the line is being dreadfully mismanaged, and that under proper direction it is capable of much better things.

The "C" Debentures are guaranteed as to interest until 1931 by the Chilean Government, so it will be seen that there is plenty of time in which the position may be righted. An improvement in this Railway would make a great difference to the Argentine Transandine Company, and, when financial conditions improve, we should not be surprised to see this latter Company make efforts either to control or to help this concern.

While the present position, therefore, is far from good, we are inclined to take a hopeful view of the outlook, and do not advise holders to part with their Debentures at the present low figures.

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

We pointed out a week or two back how unfortunate it was that the Attorney-General of New York had decided to permit the investment of Savings Bank funds in the Bonds of Louisiana. The result of this is already shown in that this State, which has repudiated its just debts, is now offering for tender about 10,000,000 dols. 4½ per cent. Bonds. The impossibility of such States raising new loans was the one hope of the unhappy Bond-holders, but if the present offer is a success even that faint hope will be effectually destroyed.

The report of Benskin's Watford Brewery for the year ending Sept. 30 fully reflects the improvement which is taking place in the Brewing trade. After paying Debenture interest, depreciation, and all usual charges, the profit and loss account revealed a balance of £23,974. The directors propose to pay 2½ per cent. on the First Preference shares, and carry forward £16,224. It was generally thought that a larger dividend would be forthcoming, but it is impossible to doubt the wisdom of the directors in strengthening their position instead of distributing it all to the shareholders.

We understand that the German Colonial Office has notified all diamond-producing Companies in South-West Africa that the combined output for 1914 must not exceed one million carats. This should do much towards averting the possibility of a rate-cutting war between De Beers and the other producers to which we referred a week or so back. The German production consists chiefly of the smaller stones, of which there are at present far too many on the market.

The news from Mexico is rather incoherent, but it looks as though Huerta's financial difficulties are becoming more and more pressing. If, as seems possible, the lack of cash for the payment of his troops should lead to his overthrow, there will probably be a rise in Mexican stocks. That it will last we do not believe. Huerta, in our opinion, is about the only man in Mexico who is capable of preventing anarchy, and the United States refuse to let him try!

At the Savage Club's annual dinner, Mr. Page took the opportunity to explain the Central American policy of the United States. He declared that the latter did not want another foot added to their territory. They would not send an army when a smaller nation was suffering from internal troubles. Quite so, but there are more ways of killing a cat than drowning! To quote his own words (when referring to European nations), "Now there are subtler methods in use, such as, for instance, by getting concessions that in effect carry control of the Government with them."

Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. have paid the coupon due January 1912 on the Guayaquil and Quito Bonds. This is as we expected, and makes the fourth coupon paid this year, and there is a balance of nearly £10,000 towards payment of another one. Those who bought on our advice a year ago have nothing to complain of, and we expect to see three or four coupons paid during 1914.

The continual decrease of native labourers employed on the Rand is reflected in the November gold output, which amounted to only 673,486 oz., as compared to 718,431 oz. in October. We expect, however, that there will be an improvement in the number of natives recruited before very long, and there should then be a corresponding recovery in the gold production. *Friday, Dec. 12, 1913.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPERO (Cumberland).—The shares are highly speculative, and we do not know whether the Preference dividend is being earned, but we should hold on for the present.

LEO. Nos. 3 and 5 are, we believe, fair holdings, but the market for both is restricted.

A. M.—(1) is quite good of its class; as far as we can ascertain, the dividend will remain at 6 per cent. (2) The yield is poor, but the security good.

ANGLO-INDIAN.—We place your securities in the following order: (1), (3), (2). We do not care much for (4). The guarantee on (1) is a little doubtful, but the line should make good on its own.

BANN.—We think you could do better than either of the shares you mention, although the Rubber Company is well managed and has fair prospects.

SPERO (Shaftesbury).—The shares have fallen in sympathy with the price of lead, but we think it has been overdone and advise you to hold your shares for the present. The Oil share is quite a hopeful speculation, but don't buy too many.

ORO.—The Preference shares about which you inquired last week were issued in June 1910.

N.B.—As we go to press early this week, we must ask the indulgence of any readers whose answers are unavoidably held over.

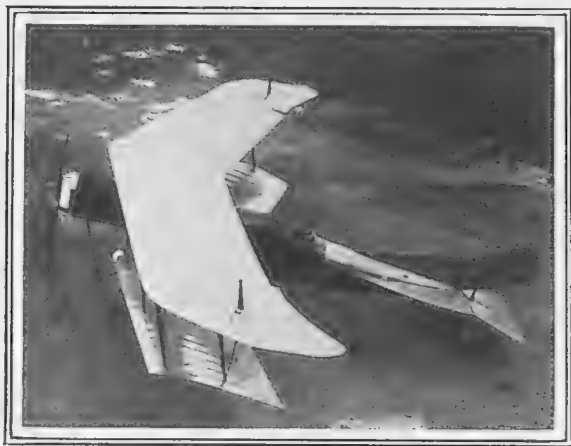
Carreras, Ltd., the tobacco business, maintains its position well, and the directors are again able to recommend a dividend for the year of 10 per cent. The accounts show an available balance of £42,508, after writing off all advertising expenses. The carry-forward is raised from £15,211 to £17,112.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE OLD LOCOMOBILE "STEAMER": FEATS WITH THE "FIRING-STICK": ELECTRIC COMMERCIAL CARS.

Time's Changes. Anyone whose motoring experiences date back-wards so far as the year 1900 will remember the advent of the little Locomobile steamer. At that time the public was by no means converted to the internal-combustion



FOR GERMANY'S AIR-FLEET: A NEW WAR-PLANE.

This new war-plane for Germany, which has been undergoing tests at Brooklands, claims to have special solidity of structure, and exceptional stability—inherent, not automatic. It carries thirty gallons of petrol, is fitted with a 100-h.p. engine, and has very comfortable seating-accommodation for airman and observer. There is dual control, so that, should the airman be shot, the passenger could take charge of the 'plane without moving from his seat. Both pilot and observer are so placed that they get an uninterrupted view all round them.

Photograph by News Illustrations.

pany abandoned entirely the building of steam-cars and diverted their energies to petrol; and now, I see from an American paper, they have decided to concentrate on six-cylinder vehicles alone, and for 1914 will list four separate models of this type.

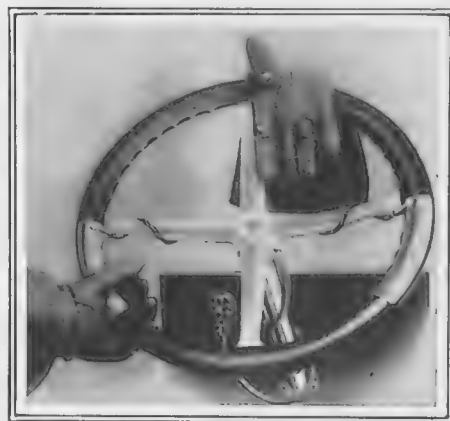
Amusing Yarns. Harking back to the old days, however, I well remember the experiences of the late "Charlie" Rolls with an early Locomobile. He would plunge his "firing-stick" among the burning coals at the old Automobile Club premises in Whitehall Court, and chat merrily until it was red hot; then, with a cheery "Good-night," he would walk out, poker in hand, to kindle his multi-jet burner. In two or three minutes, however, he would be back again: the stick had got too cold by the time he reached the street, and would not start the car. The process would be repeated two or three times, and we never knew when his farewell greeting was to be the last or when he would really get away. Another friend of mine at the same period—now, alas! also among the great majority—was asked on 'Change to make an offer for a Locomobile. Sportingly, he said "Fifty pounds," not dreaming that it would be accepted; but the owner was only too anxious to get the car off his hands.

"Brought It in a Shaving-Can." The new owner somehow got it home, and in the course of six weeks had no end of fun. Burning out the boiler was a frequent experience, but his most interesting adventure was that which occurred one evening when he was visiting some friends in a Chelsea flat. When it was time to go he asked for some water, and the maid brought it in a shaving-can! He obtained a bucketful, however, and carried it down four flights of stone steps to the street; then he returned to heat his firing-stick, and eventually bade his hosts adieu. Of course, his stick was cold ere he reached the street, and he returned for another dose of heat. A second time he essayed to start the car, but in vain; and once more he toiled to

the fourth floor, to find that his friends had gone to bed! He had only just time to descend, push his car into a stable, and bolt for Waterloo in a cab, nearly missing his last train home. After sundry other incidents of this kind, he sold the car for a hundred pounds!

Electricity's Future.

Electricity, for the most part, has gone the way of steam, and very few of the large fleet of electromobiles which used to be conspicuous on the streets of London are now in use, while it is doubtful whether any new electric cars of the old type are being built. Nevertheless, it would seem as if electricity were destined to have a greater future than steam. Visitors to the recent Olympia Motor Car Show will have noticed the electric car on the Arrol Johnston stand. It was fitted with the new Edison battery, and from all accounts is a more efficient vehicle than its prototypes, and more economical in the running. On an R.A.C. official trial the other day, a car of this type ran 54.85 miles on one charge, at an average speed of 15.99 miles per hour. This illustrates forcibly enough the radical difference between the petrol and the electric car for touring work, but by no means eliminates the possibility of the latter being usefully employed in other directions. Whether there will be a revival of interest in this class of vehicle for town or country-house station work remains to be seen; but I hear that the Edison battery is so great an improvement that it may yet solve the commercial vehicle problem. Most of the horse-drawn vehicles still on London streets are tradesmen's delivery-



HOT GLOVES FOR THE MOTORIST! AN INGENIOUS ELECTRIC HEATING-DEVICE.

The Correspondent who sends us this photograph says: "Motorists will find comfort in cold weather from an electric glove, which contains a heating-device in the lining. The principle used is similar to that employed in electric blankets, warming-pads, etc. The electric current is brought from the batteries or magneto by wires to the steering-wheel. The wires end in a metal plate on the wheel, and the circuit is completed by the contact of the plate with metal discs on the gloves. Thus while the motorist is driving his hands are warmed."

Photograph by Fleet.



THE TORPEDOES OF THE AIR-SHIP: HOW BOMBS ARE CARRIED ON THE BRISTOL MILITARY BIPLANE.

This photograph, taken at the Paris Aero Salon, shows a new bomb-dropping device, designed by M. Coanda, fitted to the latest Bristol biplane. It is fixed beneath the planes and holds twelve bombs, each weighing ten pounds and containing a charge of two pounds of explosives. Each bomb has guiding fins and a propeller. When a bomb is released, either by the pressing of a knob or by an automatic catch, it drops vertically and is harmless until the little revolving propeller has unwound a spring and so made it that the charge will detonate upon impact.

Photograph by Topical.

A New Competition.

There is one phase of motor-car evolution, by the way, of which much was at one time expected. I refer to the two-stroke motor, as opposed to the ordinary four-cycle engine which is practically universal. Several years ago there were experienced motorists who firmly believed that the petrol-engine of the future would be of the two-cycle type, and a limited number of examples have been placed upon the market from time to time, but not to a degree which constituted a definite constructive change; while, as a matter of fact, only one of them, I believe, survives at the present moment. That experts, custom notwithstanding, still believe in the possibilities of the two-cycle motor is shown by an announcement from the Royal Automobile Club itself. With a view to encouraging development in this direction, the Technical Committee has decided to recommend a competition for the best two-cycle engine, the conditions being that the engine shall be applied to a motor-car and entered and tested in an R.A.C. official trial.



By. ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Matter of Cooks and Curates.

We are threatened with a totally inadequate supply of cooks and curates—two necessary adjuncts of our present civilisation. The material male person, who does not seek spiritual solace from a young gentleman in a round collar, will naturally bewail the disappearance of the deity of the kitchen-range more than that of a few curates. And so carnally minded in the matter of the flesh-pots of Egypt are we that many women will be of their opinion also. How to attract the youthful Council School girl to the saucepan is one of the problems which must be faced, and very soon. As it is, the cooks have "struck" in a peculiarly elusive way—not by throwing down their rolling-pins, discarding their aprons, and demanding more wages and an eight-hours day, but by not entering this ancient profession at all. The cook, like the curate, is not to be found. The rector of an attractive country parish may advertise for six long weeks, at considerable expense, and not get a single young clergyman to respond. Formerly, the cadets of good families went into the Church, certain of a tolerably easy life, pleasant social doings, and the probability of an advantageous marriage. If they had influence, they had but to wait to drop into a fat living, and to marry a wife with a fortune. But now the curate finds little favour with the strenuous modern young woman. He is certain neither of feminine adulation nor of dollars with his bride. The curate, like the cook, is looking elsewhere for a career.

A New Terror to Existence.

There is an amusing article in our French contemporary *Le Monde* on "Le Jeune Homme des Salons." This much-spoiled individual, at the first blush, may seem very like his counterpart in London, the Society young man, inasmuch as he assumes a fatuous air, always arrives late, does not answer invitations, and is impertinent to his betters. But the Parisian, it seems, is even more objectionable than our home-bred article, for he aspires to—and does actually—recite his own verses at afternoon and evening assemblies. I can picture how a London drawing-room would mysteriously empty itself did anyone seek to perpetrate such an outrage; but French men and women have inherited a love of poetry and of hearing verses recited which causes them to sit still, holding down gilt chairs, until the ordeal is over, when they will courteously applaud, no matter how indifferent the poet or his performance. They suffer these things, but it does not follow that they like them, and possibly the rage for bridge and the sudden popularity of the Tango may be accounted for in this way. No one can declaim verses over the card-table, nor compete with a band, and so our polite French neighbours have possibly found a way out of a social impasse.

On Hostesses.

There are so many schools for one thing, and courses for another, that one wonders no one has started classes for budding hostesses. The art of receiving is a very special and complicated one, and yet women will rush in and entertain where angels fear to tread. They seldom—at any rate in England—give a thought to the complexities of the affair. With abundant good-will and a lavish display of food and flowers, they yet fail in the very elements of the art. The most singular couples are placed side by side at dinner, and one of the most foolish habits of the British hostess is of giving all the bachelor-men to the married women, and sending down the débutante with the father of a

bouncing family. Naturally, under these distressing circumstances, the girl feels she is wasting her evening, and looks around, like Gwendolen Grandcourt in George Eliot's novel, "with a sense of empty benches." Then there is another kind of hostess who is probably transfixed with shyness or overcome with fatigue, for as you ascend her staircase she looks at you as who should say, "Did I ask you, and why on earth have you come?" This variety of hostess sometimes unbends during the evening, and will be almost warm when you announce your departure. But the hostess who is over-effusive, and is heard saying precisely the same thing to the person at your heels, is an even more unsatisfactory type. The perfect hostess has been defined as a person who really enjoys giving a party, and shows it in every graceful word and action. But such birds are rare, and the art of "receiving" might well be cultivated, particularly among our somewhat stolid islanders.

Our Chubby Scientists.

We must not, this Christmas, present Teddy - bears or dolls to our younger friends, for the children, it seems, care for none of these things nowadays, but are all for toy aeroplanes, hydroplanes, or motor-cars. Even the favourite railway-train is already considered *vieux jeu* in the nursery. There is an amazing interest in mechanical things among the chubby folk, and it is, perhaps, not surprising, for these infants, and even big school-boys, do not remember a time when there were no such things as automobiles in which to rush about. They are accustomed to speed, and they hear little talk save of engines, propellers, carburettors, and the like. And they not only want such toys, but they prefer books about aviation to books about fairies. As to books of nonsense-rhymes, I don't think there is a child that really likes them. They are written for, and read by, certain of the Grown-ups, those curious people who never take Life seriously, as even the smallest of children are disposed to do.



THE VOGUE OF FLOUNCES AND DRAPERY: A GROUP OF EVENING FROCKS.

The centre figure is seen in a frock of soft blue taffetas. Its lace flounces are decorated with pink roses, and the corsage is made of lace with a folded blue-velvet belt. On the left is a novel-looking model of blue charmeuse with an encircling drapery and little flounces of pleated blue tulle which follow the line of the drapery. The bodice is of white tulle. The gown on the right is composed of steel-blue silk voile, with ropes of beads looping up the skirt and hanging round the back of the corsage.



Christmas Presents for All.

Quality and Value the Highest Only.

There is the best of value and the finest of quality only to be found at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, 112, Regent Street. A long bar-brooch of the kind now in vogue in pearls and diamonds mounted in platinum and gold, such as appears in our illustration, is £11—a small price for so beautiful an ornament. A lovely ring in sapphire and diamonds and platinum costs only £13. For a modest £10, a remarkably handsome pearl-and-diamond flexible bracelet, such as is illustrated on this page, can be bought, and it makes a really fine gift. A very pretty diamond, pearl, and platinum necklet, such as that drawn on this page, costs only £6. A gift for a man is a solid 18-carat gold-and-bloodstone signet-ring for £1 18s. A beautiful diamond, pearl, and sapphire pendant on a platinum chain is a most acceptable gift, and the price is £11 10s. Pearl-and-platinum links are up-to-date and handsome, and cost £3 15s. a pair; buttons to match, a set of six, are £5 10s. A black tulle bow of distinctive design, with pearls and diamonds in platinum, is only five guineas, and can be worn effectively without the tulle. These are but a few of many gifts to be seen at this celebrated establishment. When it is remembered that, no matter what the price, the quality and workmanship are the very best, the fine value offered will be appreciated.

Jewels to Wear.

In the purchase of presents, the remarkable selection of lovely ornaments at Messrs. J. W. Benson's, 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, and 28, Royal Exchange, should not be missed. Their things are of unexceptionable quality, finest workmanship, and the best of gems. A very handsome and effective pendant of peridot, pearls, and amethysts can be purchased for £2 10s., a lovely diamond-and-platinum pendant for £25, and a long platinum, pearl, and diamond brooch for £8. A most useful and ornamental gift is an expanding gold half-hunter watch-bracelet for £11. Of these most-prized of presents there is a great variety in gold and gold set with jewels, and in platinum plain and diamond-

set. A very good guide to Christmas presents of this kind is the booklet of the firm, in which many are illustrated; as also are the ring leaflet, showing the gems coloured, and the watch-bracelet leaflets.

Up to Date and Varied.

At Finnigan's beautiful shop, 18, New Bond Street, there are presents for exclusive men and women who want the newest, the best, and the most recherché

Newspaper-stands in plain or inlaid mahogany or oak will be useful presents, helpful in keeping a room tidy. Onyx, inlaid with lapis-lazuli, is another charming novelty, in which there are ash-trays and blotters and paper-weights, and all sorts of nice things for the table. A very handsome gift is a set of brushes and bottles for the toilet-table in enamel, and in a case. Oak pneumatic-movement spirit-tables are excellent presents for men; so are pigskin cases containing silver or tortoiseshell brushes—a pair for the hair and a pair for hat and clothes. Cases containing three enamel-topped bottles are also gifts appreciated by men. These are but a few of those to be seen at Finnigan's.

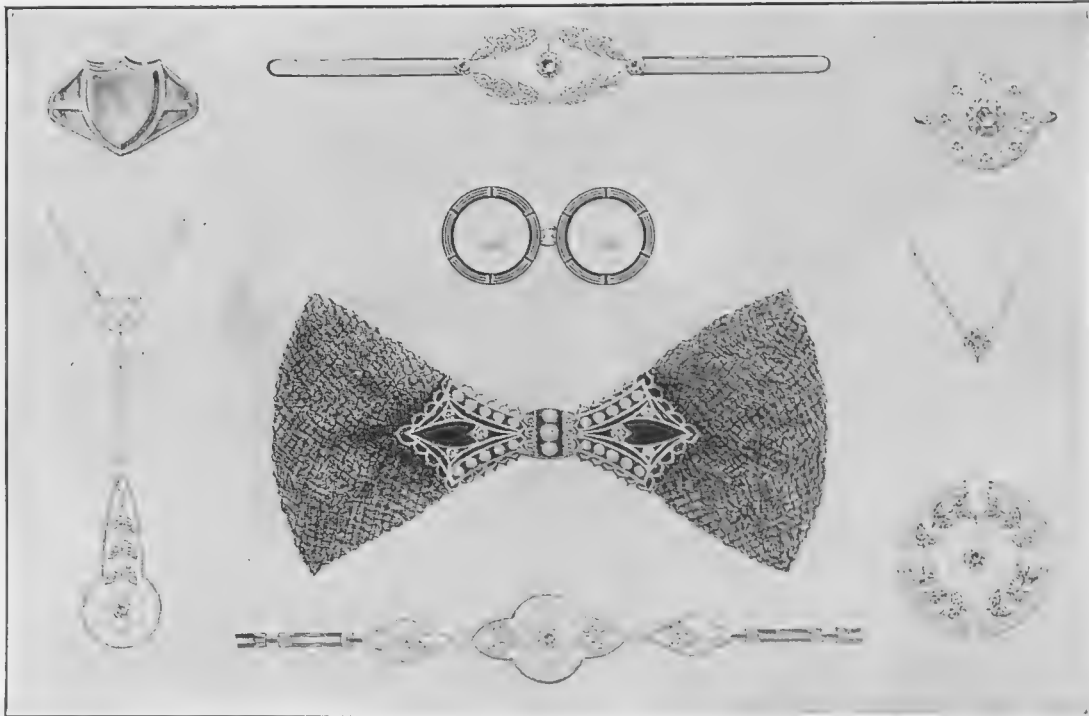
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These are all derived from the use of the Aromatic Salts for the bath devised by Morny, 201, Regent Street. They scientifically soften the water, and leave the skin feeling refreshed and soft, while it holds a delicate perfume. Only the original Morny Bath Salts secure these desirable results. They can be had in the delicious and universally appreciated Morny odours—in "Chaminade" and "Triomphe," in

bottles at 3s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 18s. 6d.; in "June Roses," "La Valse," "Oak-Leaf Geranium," "Violette Morny," and "Yesha," in bottles at 2s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 14s. 6d.; in "Rose Verveine" in bottles at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. These Sels Morny can be obtained of all retailers of high-class perfumery, or direct from the originators, Morny Frères. A big bottle will be a much-appreciated Christmas present.

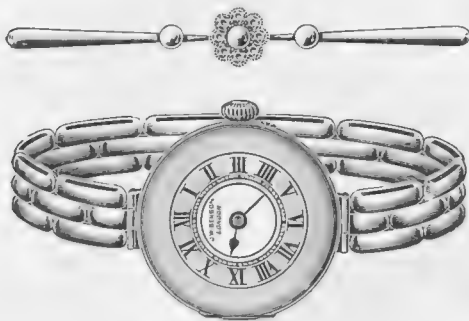
Shopping Luxuriously.

A busy scene and a captivating one, at this season of goodwill, is daily enacted at Harrod's, where the choice of Christmas presents, and the facilities for acquiring them, are immense. The most fascinating place is the toy fair, where the children gloat over all that is newest and all that is dearest to them in Toy-land. How to build barracks, light-houses, and stables—all materials supplied—is a joy to boys; model kitchen-ranges and mangles delight little girls; there is every sort of railway train and station and Noah's Ark; and there are



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Messrs. J. W. Benson.

gifts. It is a splendid place in which to cater for men. The last note in letter-wallets, pocket-books, cigar and cigarette cases is always sounded at Finnigan's. Black moiré (pocket-books, wallets, etc.) lined with purple silk is appealing to the *jeunesse dorée* this Christmas. There is a miniature fitted motor-case that is very fascinating, and will be a present appreciated by women.



GIFTS BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL: A CLOCK AND A CASE OF FORKS.

Messrs. Finnigans.



mechanical toys, models of many kinds—everything to delight the heart of a child; and they are delighted, for with heaps of novel toys, there are all the old favourites brought up to date. The silver department is offering extraordinary value in charming gifts: little solid-silver, satin-lined trinket-boxes, from 13s. 6d. to 22s. 6d., according to size; and delightful reproductions of old silver potato-rings,

[Continued overleaf.]

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December 17, 1913.

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The Illustrated London News

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The Illustrated London News

SIXPENCE WEEKLY.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page I.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Miss Nancy Denvers; The Handicapped Cabinet; Why Bother about Fancy Dress for Arabian Nights' Balls?; Orientalism as Seen in Paris; The Yashmak Veil as it is Worn on the Continent or Europe; Miss Yvonne Arnaud; M. Léon Bakst; "Quality Street" at the Duke of York's; Pheasant Shooting; The Arabian Nights' Ball.

TRAINS DE LUXE TO THE RIVIERA.

The Sleeping-Car and International Express Trains Company begs to notify that the CALAIS - MEDITERRANEAN EXPRESS is now running DAILY, and will so continue throughout the Season, from Calais to the Riviera. It is, as usual, composed of Sleeping and Restaurant-cars only, and runs in connection with the 11 a.m. train from Victoria (S. E. & C.), the Riviera being reached in 22 hours, without change of cars from Calais. The Company also runs four other daily services to the Riviera. Reservations should be made in advance and all tickets obtained from the

**SLEEPING CAR & INTERNATIONAL
EXPRESS TRAINS COMPANY,**
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LONDON, S.W.

THERE is no doubt that the outstanding entertainment of the season is Mr. Robert Courtneidge's Musical-Comedy production at the Shaftesbury. Such gorgeous gowns, such magnificent *mise-en-scène*, such a galaxy of talent. Beyond all these attributes the story is good, interesting, and of the vogue of to-day. While the fun, music, and dancing are ripping. There is the lugubrious Alfred Lester in company with the mercurial Lauri de Frece, the sweet Iris Hoey, and the stately Marjorie Maxwell, the dainty Cicely Courtneidge, with her chic dancing and singing, and pretty Sadrene Storri, with her tango and dance effects. So full of plums is "The Pearl Girl" that the evening entertainment lasts from eight till ten minutes past eleven, and two matinees a week are necessary.

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Beautiful
Pearls
by Tecta

The
PEARL GIRL



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as "LADY BETTY BIDDULPH" in
"THE PEARL GIRL" at the SHAFTESBURY
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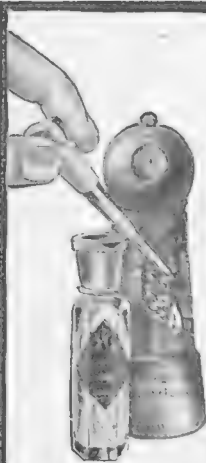
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CLARK CO^{LD}A PAGE FROM
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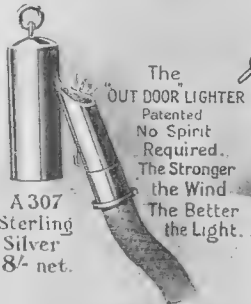
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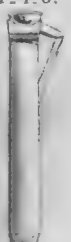
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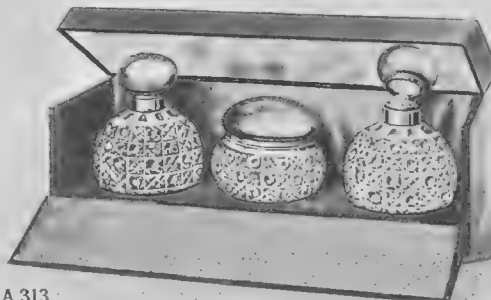


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A 312. Sterling Silver, Chippendale design with
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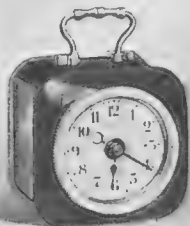
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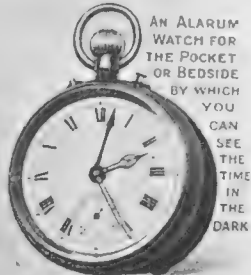
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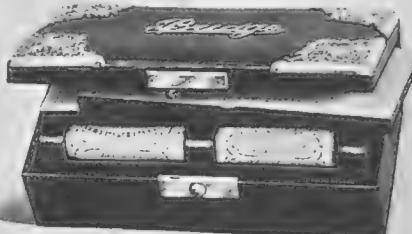
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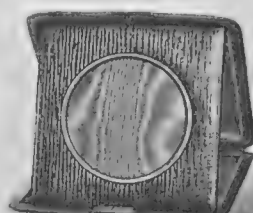


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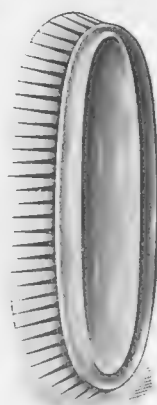
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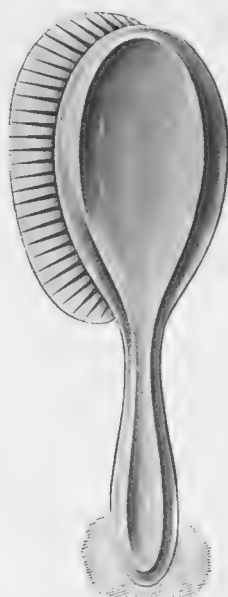


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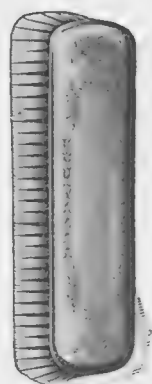
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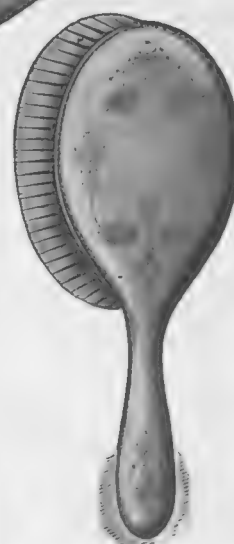
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Brush, 10/6



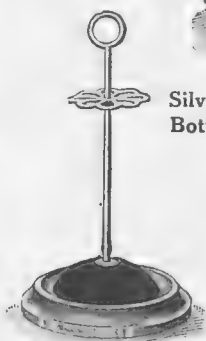
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Perfume Bottle,
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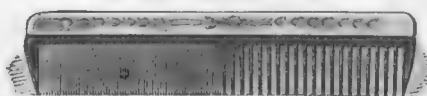
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Hatpin Stand, 10/6



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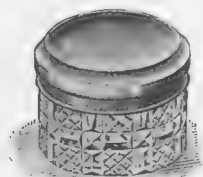
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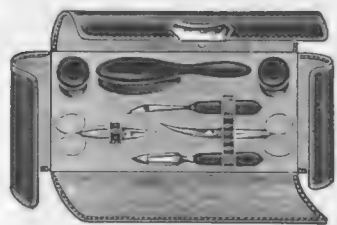
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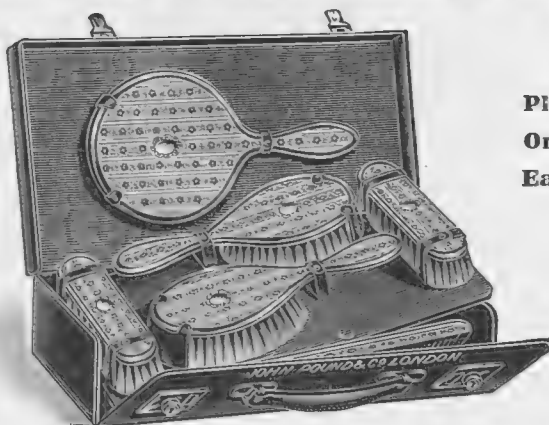


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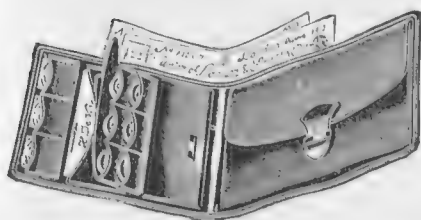
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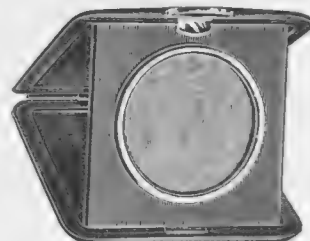
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*Illustrated Christmas List
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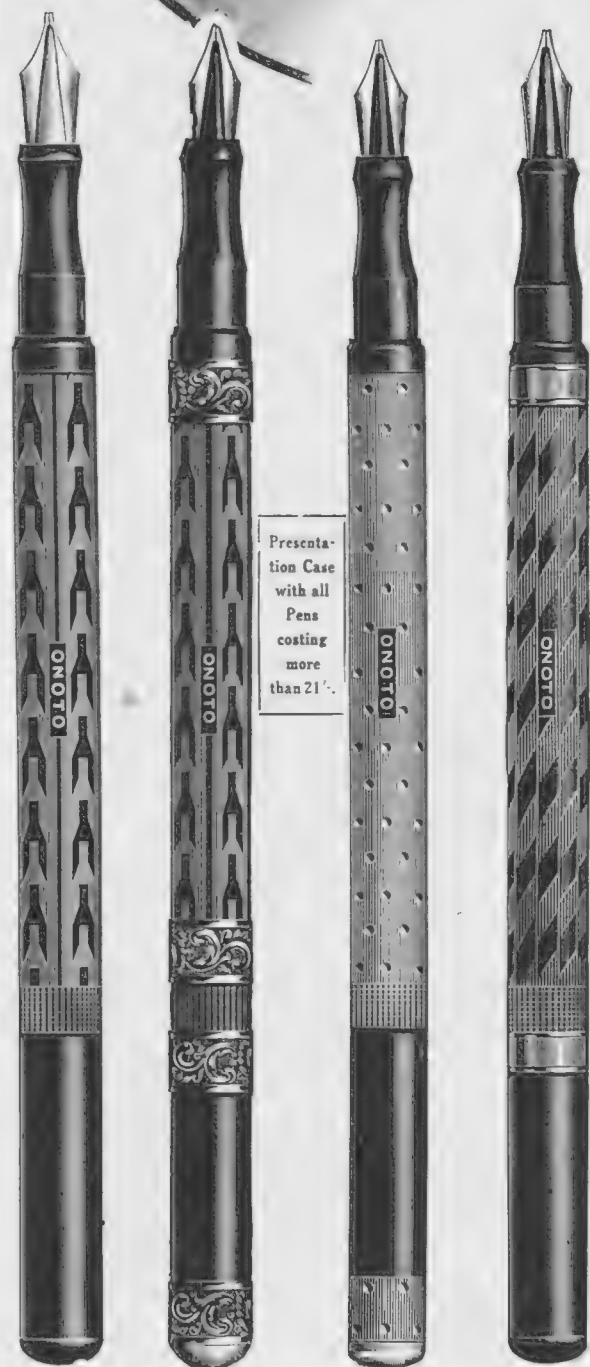
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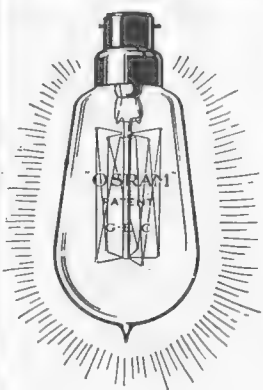
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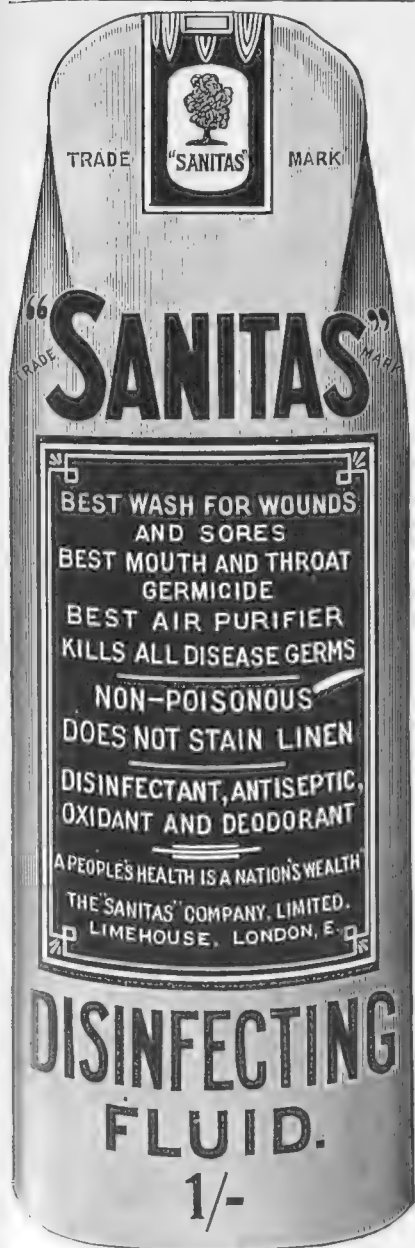
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CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

IT has been customary, in the past, to draw a certain distinction between boys and girls in the matter of literary taste. We are not sure whether this is not now a distinction without a difference, in these days of feminine hockey and golf, feminine fencers and swimmers, feminine explorers, mountaineers, and big-game hunters, not to mention the military ambitions of the Suffragette. Consequently, "books for boys and girls" may be taken to mean, not some for boys and others for girls, but books, like "opifex" and "artifex" of the Latin grammar, common to either sex of tender age.

Certainly, with all due respect to the distinguished author of "Between Stations" in these pages, we think he was impolitic in his capacity of publisher, to appeal only to the masculine section of the juvenile public with "The Boys' Book of Stamp-Collecting," by Douglas B. Armstrong (Grant Richards). In our own experience we have found the philatelic *flair* coming out fully as 'strong upon the spindle side. Mr. Armstrong's most interesting and useful volume is abundantly illustrated: as editor of "The Stamp-Collector's Annual" and "Bright's Philatelic Library," he writes with knowledge.

Messrs. A. and C. Black are a firm who can be relied on for sound literature for young people, and who make a speciality of good colour illustrations. We have received from them nine very attractive story-books. Three of these belong to the literary class—"Tales from the Earthly Paradise," told in prose from the poem of William Morris by W. J. Glover, with twelve illustrations in colour by Isabel Bonus; "Greek Wonder Tales," translated and edited by Lucy M. J. Garnett, with twelve illustrations in colour by Edwin A. Norbury; and "The Arabian Nights," illustrated in colour by Charles Folkard. The latter's work is admirable, and some of it suggests comparison with that of Mr. Arthur Rackham. It makes this one of the best of the cheaper editions of "The Arabian Nights," for the volumes of this series are only 3s. 6d. each. "The Greek Wonder Tales" are not the familiar classical stories to be found in books like Kingsley's "Heroes" and Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales," but quite a new collection drawn from modern Greek folk-lore.

Messrs. Black also send us a charming edition of that earlier than early Victorian favourite, "The Fairchild Family," by Mrs. Sherwood, whose Indian story, "Little Henry and His Bearer," was also once immensely popular. She lived from 1775 to 1851. Lady Strachey has edited "The Fairchild Family," and Miss Sybil Tawse has supplied eight admirable colour illustrations. It is amusing to read in the introduction that care has been taken to omit all the Calvinistic religious passages—a new form of Bowdlerisation!

Of the other five books received from Messrs. Black, three are stories of school life—"The Mystery of Markham," by R. S. Warren Bell, illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.; "The Feats of Fozzle," by Gunby Hadath, illustrated by W. F. Thomas and T. M. R. Whitwell; and "Now and Then," Chronicles of Half-Text History, by Ascott R. Hope, illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I. The last-named book contains school tales of a past generation, some of which appeared in the *Boys' Own Paper*. The remaining two books from Messrs. Black are stories of adventure—namely, "The Scouts of Seal Island," by Percy F. Westerman, illustrated by Ernest Prater, and "In the Grip of the Wild Wa," by G. E. Mitton, with illustrations by the same artist. Two other exciting tales of adventure come from Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson—"Frank Flower, the Boy War Correspondent," by A. B. Cooper, and "The Crimson Aeroplane," by Christopher Beck. Messrs. Pearson also send us two books of especial interest to Boy Scouts—"Jack Corvit, Patrol Leader, or, Always a Scout," by V. R. Nendick; and "The Scout as Handyman," a book of practical instructions in various manual arts. One more story of adventure remains to be mentioned—namely, "Buccaneers' Island," by Henry Robswood Cooke, illustrated by J. Dewar Mills. It is published by Mr. John Long.

We now turn to some books of a different type. From Mr. John Murray comes a delightful edition of "Laddie," the latest story by that charming American writer, Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, author of "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Limberlost." Her new story—"a story of love and trial," she calls it—is illustrated by Herman Pfeifer. "Idonia," by Arthur F. Wallis (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), is an interesting romance of old London in the days of Queen Bess, and there are some seafaring episodes in Spanish waters.

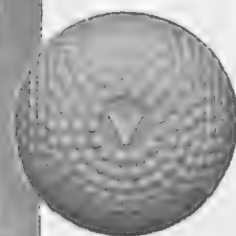
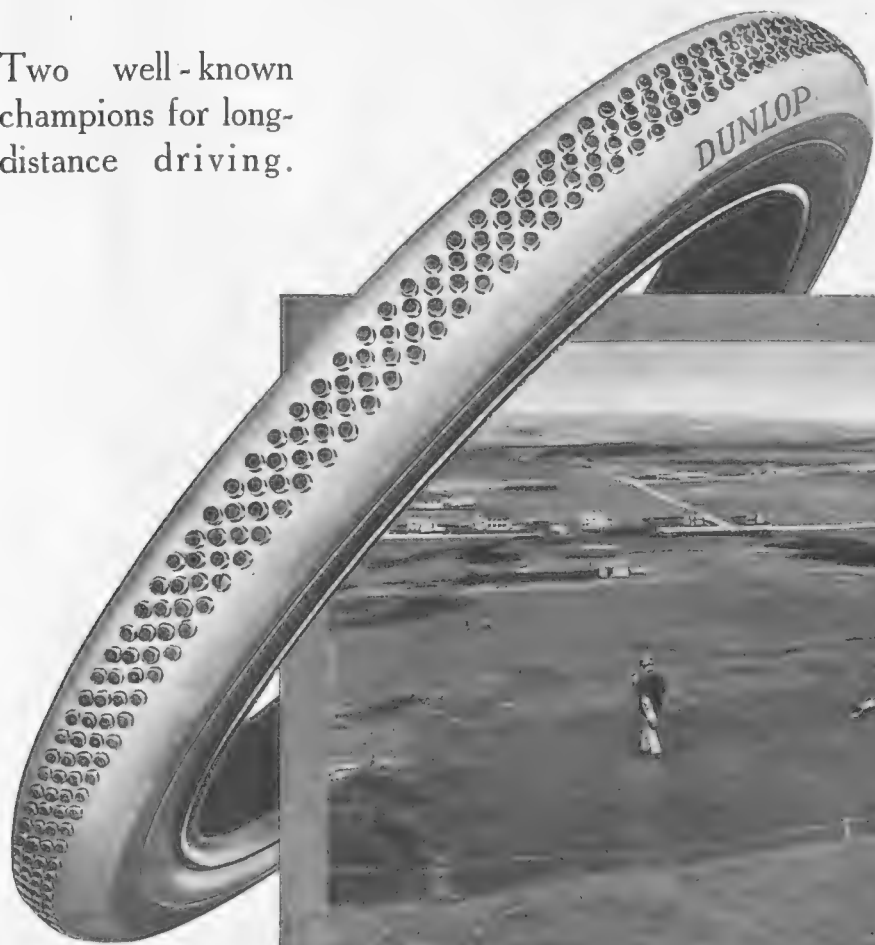
Lastly, we have to mention a group of books that will please the younger members of the family. "Wet Magic," by E. Nesbit (T. Werner Laurie), is a new story by a popular nursery novelist, with well-drawn illustrations by H. R. Millar. It belongs to the category of tales in which fantasy and fairyland are blended with modernity. So also do "Elves and Princesses," by Bernard Darwin (Duckworth), illustrated by J. R. Monsell, and "The Universe and the Mayonnaise," and other stories, by T. Brailsford Robertson (John Lane) with excellent pictures by K. Clausen.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck send us that ever-popular budget of tales, verses, and pictures for the little ones, "Father Tuck's Annual," which is as full of good things as always. In similar *format*, and with pictures equally bright and abundant, are the same firm's "Children's Stories from English History," by E. Nesbit and Doris Ashley, and "Children's Stories from the Arabian Nights."

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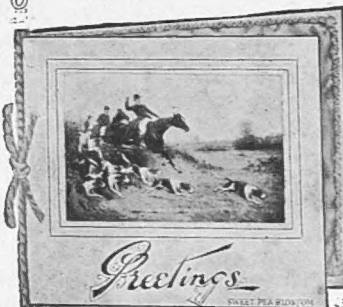


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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE NIGHT HAWK" is a title that seems to promise something naughty, but there is nothing in the new play at the Globe that is likely to shock even the late lamented Mr. Bowdler. Certainly we saw some female night hawks who revelled, and I daresay they were quite disreputable, but one merely noticed that their conversation was almost as noisy as their dresses. There is a good deal of superficial cleverness in the play by Messrs. Worral and Merivale, but the piece, in sentiment and efforts at characterisation, seems mid-Victorian, and there are four acts of it—at least one too many. The best part is the most farcical, though the fun is very obvious. One can laugh at the super-sophisticated man-about-town, disgusted with the sights, sounds, and smell of the country, even if it seems incredible that after three weeks of odious manual labour in the farmyard he should acquire a taste for the simple life, the open air, and the bright sunlight. Mr. Kenneth Douglas presented him very cleverly and with immense energy; still, I wish that he did not act quite so much. Miss Jane Cooper plays prettily as the most artless coquette with the most cunning simplicity imaginable. Mr. J. Fisher-White is quite an alarming religious farmer; and a clever picture is given by Mr. Edmund Goulding as a bumpkin. Nor should I forget Miss Marjory Unett, who played very well as a young lady of Society who knew what she wanted and did not get it.

There were fiercely religious people in "Change," a Welsh play produced by the Stage Society, but, unlike the farmer in "The Night Hawk," they happened to be real. Mr. J. O. Francis, a new dramatist from Wales, has a rare gift for painting character, and all the persons of his play, save one, are flesh and blood. The one is an entertaining English navvy called Sam Thatcher, who played a kind of chorus part and caused us to laugh heartily; but he belongs to ancient theatrical tradition, and although Mr. Frank Ridley acted very well in the character, he was quite artificial. One could easily overlook this, since he is not a vital part of the strong, moving drama, which exhibits the collision of ideas, ideals, and wills. One would need columns to give an adequate account of this vivid picture of the Welsh collier people (hot-blooded, desperately sincere, narrow-minded), which is very touching, and its story of the stern old man and his tender wife and their three grown-up sons, each good in his way, who bring little but sorrow to them. Indeed, one is almost inclined to protest against the performance of a drama painting so gloomy a view of the results of child-bearing. The work is superbly acted—in fact, following the next evening upon "The Night Hawk," one is almost shocked to see how superior is the

performance of the relatively obscure Welsh company. I cannot name them all, so single out Miss Helena Daniels on account of brilliant work as a soubrette; Mr. John Howell, really tragic in the part of a labour leader; and Mr. Tom Owen, delightfully comic in a small character-study.

Even Mr. Larkin, if so disposed, would hardly have had the courage to "boo" at the Coronet, when the Woman's Theatre started on its enterprise, for there was only a small sprinkling of males amongst the enthusiasts who listened with glee to the dreadful attacks upon men in "Woman on Her Own," Mrs. Bernard Shaw's lively translation of Brieux's comedy, "La Femme Seule." I did not want to "boo," for it was quite interesting and effective, and though I felt somewhat of a worm at times, I bear no malice, perhaps flattering myself that they order this matter worse in France, for I do not believe that over here the lady journalists and other women workers, as a rule, have to get their jobs in the way suggested by Brieux. The last act was the most thrilling in its exhibition of the hostility caused by the competition under the present economic conditions between men and women in the effort to earn their daily bread. At a time when there is plenty for all, it is awful to think that there is too much for the few and too little for the many—that the men and women of the masses are grouped in hostile camps. The strong, interesting play has quite a remarkable cast that includes Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Cicely Hamilton, Miss Nancy Price, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, Miss Sarah Brooke, and Miss Christine Silver. The most successful male performance was that of Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn.

It may be that Mr. Shaw's famous satire on the medical profession is set in a play too long for popular consumption, but it is clearly a thing which should be among the first cares of any repertory theatre, and Mr. Barker is entitled to our gratitude for putting "The Doctor's Dilemma" on his list at the St. James's. Once more we rejoice as Sir Colenso Ridgeon, Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington, and Mr. Cutler Walpole lay bare the secrets of injections and operations, and old Sir Patrick moralises on the vanity of it all; and once more we are thrilled by the extraordinary cleverness of Mr. Shaw's study of the impudent and unscrupulous young artist whose death scene, with its strange mixture of poetry and cynicism, is the most daring and the most successful feature of the play. Miss McCarthy repeats her beautiful performance of Jennifer; Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, for all his youth, is extraordinarily good as the artist; and the various doctors are sketched in with masterly skill by Mr. Whitby, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Nigel Playfair, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge.

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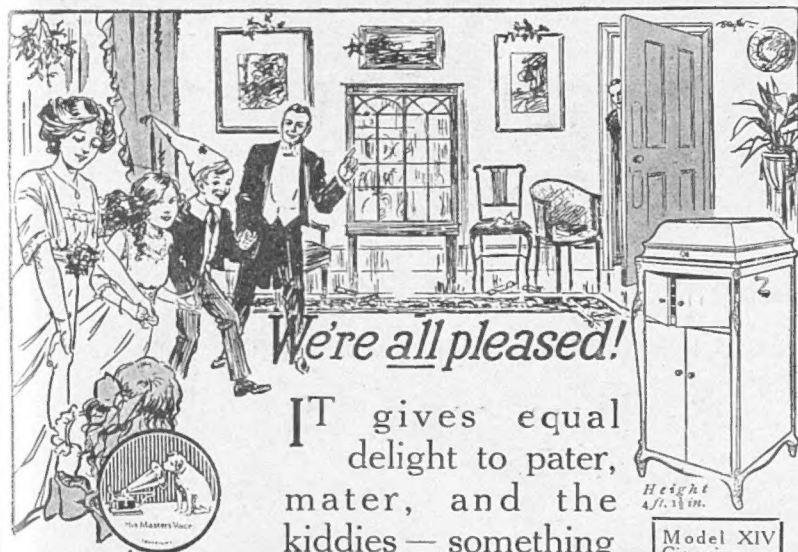
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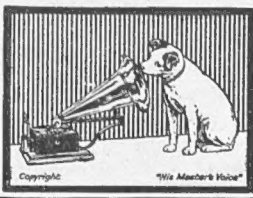
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The following is an Abbreviated List, showing a few of the very many items with Prices. A full description, with beautiful Photographic Illustrations, will be found in FULL DESCRIPTIVE SALE CATALOGUE (S), WHICH IS NOW READY, and will be sent FREE ON APPLICATION. Those contemplating purchasing Furniture should not fail to inspect this Magnificent Collection. Any article will be sold separately, can be selected at once, and remain Stored Free till required, or will be Packed Free and Delivered Town or Country, or Shipped for Abroad.

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| Important—Very finely Inlaid Old Dutch Marquetry Gent's Wardrobe, 6 feet wide at | 35 0 0 | |
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| 4 Double Bedsteads to match, com- plete at | 1 19 6 | |
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| 1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe at | 18 18 0 | |
| 3 Handsome Mahogany Bedroom Suites at | 7 15 0 | |
| 1 Single Sheraton Design Bedsteads, complete to match at | 1 17 6 | |
| 2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Maho- gany Inlaid Bedroom Suites at | 10 10 0 | |
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| Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. Wardrobe at | 22 10 0 | |
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| Very Choice Unique Real Silver Ash Bedroom Suite, with Silver-plated Fittings at | 19 19 0 | |
| DINING and RECEPTION ROOMS. LIBRARIES STUDIES, SMOKING and BILLIARD ROOMS. | | |
| Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs, with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all at | 7 15 0 | |
| Heavy Black and Copper Club Fender. Upholstered Morocco Seat top at | 3 3 0 | |
| Jacobean Design Carved Oak Cupboard. 4 ft. wide at | 8 15 0 | |
| Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settee, 3 ft. 6 in. wide at | 3 3 0 | |
| Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide at | 9 9 0 | |
| Elegant Grandfather Clock, chim- ing on long tubes at | 18 18 0 | |
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| The Very Fine Baby Grand Piano- forte. A Magnificent Instrument at | 7 7 0 | |
| The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts at | 4 15 0 | |
| Valuable Set of Table Crystal Glass, about 100 Pieces at | 4 10 0 | |
| Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf at | 7 15 0 | |
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| 5 ft. wide Queen Anne Design Side- board at | 7 15 0 | |
| 3 ft. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice at | 3 15 0 | |
| The Massive Solid Fumigated Oak Sideboard, fitted Handsome Glass Back at | 1 10 0 | |
| Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak at | 10 10 0 | |
| The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard at | | |
| 2 Very Fine Carving Chairs, with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match at | 12 12 0 | |
| DINING TABLE, extending with extra leaf, Shaped Legs, to match at | 3 15 0 | |
| The Very Fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom, to match at | 6 6 0 | |
| 4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table, fitted Drawers down each side en suite at | 6 15 0 | |
| The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee at | 5 5 0 | |
| Set of Sheraton Design Dining-Room Furniture, consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard at | 5 15 0 | |
| Overmantel to match at | 1 17 6 | |
| 2 Fine Carving Chairs and 6 Small, choicely upholstered in Morocco leather at | 12 15 0 | |
| Choice Sheraton Extending Dining Table at | 5 5 0 | |
| Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete Exceptionally Fine 6 ft. wide Sheraton Design Sideboard at | 2 10 0 | |
| Choice Overmantel, to match back of Sideboard at | 8 15 0 | |
| Set of Dining Tables, en suite, extend- ing to about 10 ft. long at | 12 12 0 | |
| Set of Very Magnificent Dining Chairs, comprising 6 small and 2 majestic Arm Chairs, Sheraton Design Frames, inlaid with Kingwood at | 28 10 0 | |
| DRAWING-ROOMS. | | |
| Costly Chesterfield Suite, comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Broché Silk at | 25 0 0 | |
| Upright Grand Piano, Overstrung, A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 110 Gns. at | 27 0 0 | |
| 6 ft. 6 in. wide Amboyna Cabinet, Inlaid with Ivory and Richly Mounted at | 18 18 0 | |
| Fine Amboyna Wood Centre Table to match at | 2 17 6 | |
| Louis XIV. design Ladies' Writing Escritoire, Leather top at | 1 15 0 | |
| Louis XIV. design Occasional Table at | 1 5 0 | |
| A Very Costly Louis XIV. All- Brass Fender Suite at | 8 10 0 | |
| Carved and Gilt 7-piece Louis XVI. Salon Set, comprising Settee, 2 Easy Chairs and 4 Small Chairs, 2 Three Carved, and Gilt Berge- re Chairs, loose down Seats and Footstools at | 12 10 0 | |
| Pair of Valuable Old Carved and Gilt Torches at | 5 5 0 | |
| Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top at | 4 15 0 | |
| 6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occa- sional Chairs at | 0 18 6 | |
| Costly Carved and Gilt Graduated Folding Screen, fitted Bevelled Glass and Silk Panels at | 12 12 0 | |
| 3 Very Fine Chesterfield Settees 6 ft. 6 in. long at | 4 15 0 | |
| 2 smaller ditto at | 2 17 6 | |
| 6 Large, Softly Sprung Chesterfield Easy Chairs at | 2 15 0 | |
| ditto smaller at | 1 17 6 | |
| Fine Complete Collection of Satin Wood Drawing-Room Furniture, very beautifully Painted Medallions, comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escri- toire, etc. Impossible to describe, would suit Connoisseur. | | |
| Boudoir Baby Grand Piano, a mag- nificent Instrument, as New. Listed Price 125 Gns. at | 57 15 0 | |
| Costly Set of Fine Old English Cut Table Glass, over 100 pieces at | 7 10 0 | |
| A Magnificent Vermis Martin Cabi- net of a design rarely seen. Dealers should inspect at | 25 0 0 | |
| A Costly Serpentine Front Commode, Marble Top at | 12 0 0 | |
| French Ormolu and real Onyx Clock Set at | 7 7 0 | |
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THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

DANCING is one of those arts, like acting and singing, which are ephemeral and evanescent. Its effects do not endure, like the effects of painting or sculpture, poetry or music. The dancer's claim to immortality depends on the pen of the chronicler and the brush and pencil of the illustrator. A delightful souvenir of the wonderful dancers who have taken London by storm these last few years is contained in a handsome volume, "The Russian Ballet" (Constable), by A. E. Johnson, with illustrations in colour and line by René Bull. Mr. Johnson opens with a general introduction on the art of ballet and its history, and then devotes a separate descriptive and critical chapter to seventeen ballets seen in London during recent seasons, as well as a chapter on the art of Mme. Pavlova. He describes vividly the plot and structure of each ballet, from the erotic fury of such ballets as "Cléopâtre," "Thamar," and "Scheherazade," to the fantasies of "Pétrouchka," "Le Carnaval," or "Le Spectre de la Rose," and the splendours of "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Le Dieu Bleu." Of the later ballets, such as "Jeux," "Le Sacre du Printemps," and "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," with their striving after new developments of the mimetic art, he is keenly critical, and his judgments in these cases will doubtless provoke controversy. Full justice is done to the part which the decorative genius of M. Léon Bakst has played in securing the triumphs of the Russian Ballet by his wonderful designs for the costumes and the scenes. The book is beautifully produced; and M. René Bull's illustrations are all that could be desired—clear in outline and detail, and full of vigour and the spirit of movement; while the colouring in the numerous plates is exquisite. It would have been better to give titles to the illustrations, for the sake of readers who may not have seen the ballets.

There has, as everybody knows, been a great rise in the price of pearls. It is, indeed, stated by the Association of Diamond and Pearl Merchants, of 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, that they have gone up ten times in value in the last fifteen years. Owners of these coveted gems can therefore realise fine profits on pearl necklaces bought long ago. The rise in price is by no means over; it will go up three times more in the coming ten years, as the supply is less than the demand. Big pearls, weighing forty grains and over, are becoming increasingly rare. The recent loss of a celebrated necklet has

centred attention on these gems. There are, however, finer necklets and more costly than that one. The Association of Diamond and Pearl Merchants supplied one which was lost in transit to the Queen of Siam, and took 3½ years to trace. The clue was the central pearl, weighing nineteen grains. It is still in the possession of the firm, and has travelled to Australia and back, after having been delivered at the docks at Bangkok. It is really advisable to buy pearls as an investment, but to be sure to insure them at Lloyd's. A present of pearls, costing £100, which can be disposed of at a profit in three years, is a double, if not a treble gift. It is of interest to note that at Christmas the Association of Diamond and Pearl Merchants, and the old-established firm of S. Smith and Son, 9, Strand, are having an important development, which will result in the surplus stocks of both firms being sold at twenty per cent. reduction. A visit, therefore, to either of these establishments will be a decidedly good move for those in search of presents.

Christmas without Tom Smith's crackers would be an unthinkable proposition. These famous productions are well to the fore, as usual, in all their wonderful variety. The well-known cardboard boxes, with their rich colour-schemes and fascinating cover-designs, range in price from the modest "tanner" to amounts over forty shillings. Tom Smith caters both for rich and poor, for young and old, for the giddy and frivolous, and for the sober and severe. His copious and brilliantly illustrated catalogue offers abundance of choice to suit all possible requirements. This year, as usual, he has produced some delightful novelties. Among the popular boxes, to mention but a few, will surely be the Lucky Charm Crackers, the "Tax Your Memory" Crackers, and the Rajah's Jewel-Box. Besides the crackers, there are various table novelties, Christmas stockings, and boxes of confectionery.

Lucky indeed are the youngsters who receive at Christmas any of the delightful rag-books, rag-dolls, picture-books, or painting-books made by Dean's Rag-Book Company, of 160A, Fleet Street. The rag-dolls may be had either already made or in the form of cotton sheets to be cut out and stuffed. They are called the "Tru-to-life" Rag-Dolls, and are entirely of British make. They are natural in appearance, very durable, and absolutely hygienic. Three sizes are sold, respectively, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. The beauty of them is that they are practically indestructible. The canvas painting-books, at sixpence each, with subjects from natural history, are excellent; as also are the picture-books of animals, alphabets, and nursery-rhymes.



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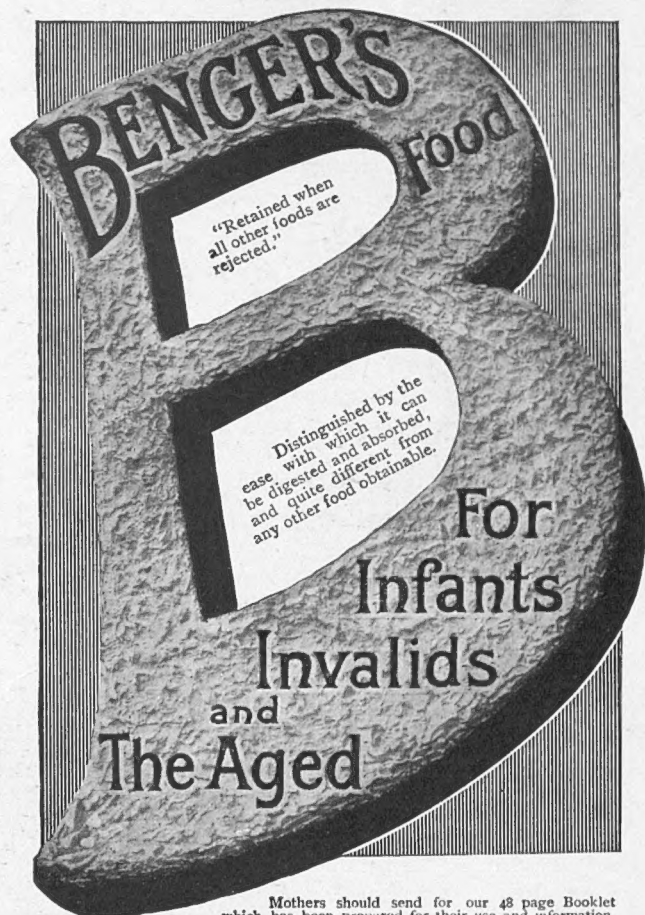
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